

California Historical Society

Quarterly

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CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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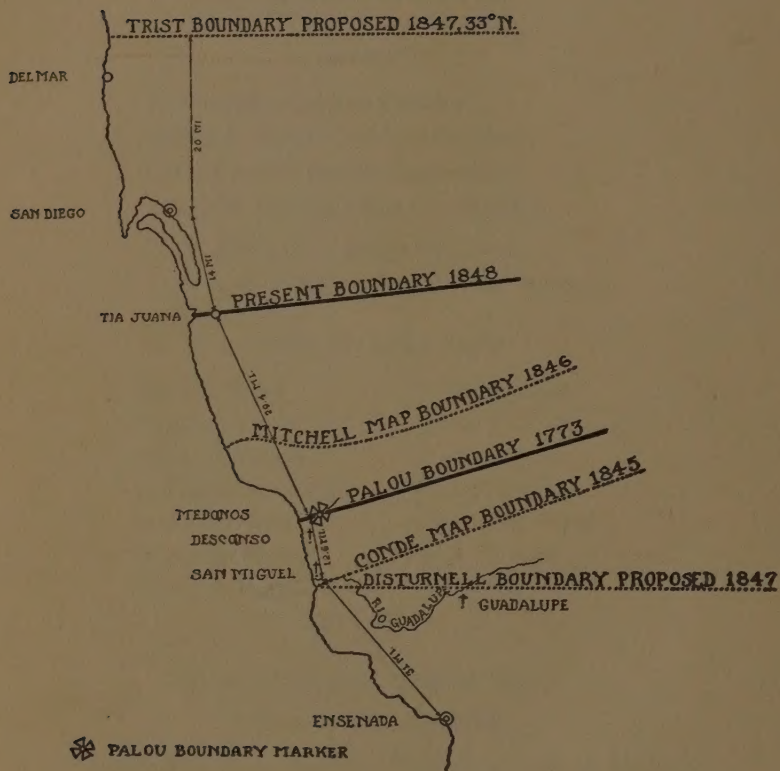


Fig. 1. Western termini of various boundaries between Upper and Lower California.

California Historical Society Quarterly

FRANCISCO PALOU'S BOUNDARY MARKER

A record of the discovery of the first boundary between Upper and Lower California.

On August 19, 1773, Francisco Palou, a Franciscan friar, acting upon the authority of the Council of the Indies and His Excellency, the King of Spain, erected upon a rocky eminence of the Mesa del Descanso a large cross which served to mark a boundary between the missions of the Reverend Dominican Fathers in Baja California and those of the Reverend Franciscan Fathers in Alta California. This boundary,¹ which extended eastward to the mouth of the Colorado River in the Gulf of California thus became the first definite boundary between the Californias, and has continued to influence the location of all succeeding inter-California boundaries, down to, and including, the present international boundary established by the treaty with Mexico, concluded February 2, 1848.

The Condé² map of Mexico (1845), the last official Mexican government map published prior to the treaty of 1848, indicates a boundary between Alta and Baja California, which consists of a straight line extending from the junction point of the Gila and Colorado rivers on the east to a point just south of the Mission San Miguel, on the Pacific coast (fig. 1), and the proximity of this line to the original Spanish line apparently represents an attempt to approximate on the map—but not on the land, and with insufficient historical data—the earlier Spanish boundary, particularly its western terminus.

¹ The boundary line between the two orders as accepted by the Council of the Indies, on May 11, 1775, was described as beginning on the Pacific Coast at a point 5 leagues north of the Arroyo of San Juan Bautista (now Rio Guadalupe, and site of the Dominican Mission, San Miguel), said point to be designated by a landmark in the form of a peak, which rises from the Sierra Madre, and the base of which terminates before reaching the beach. From this point the boundary was to bear eastward, swerving slightly to the east northeast until it terminated at the mouth of the Colorado River in the Gulf of California.

Chapman, Charles Edward. *The Founding of Spanish California*. 1916, p. 118, footnote no. 59.

² From the original survey made by order of the Mexican government by Pedro García Condé, Ministro de la Guerra y Marina, Deputado, Director de Colegio Militar, Individuo de la Academica Nacional de San Carlos, Vical de la junta general de instruccion publica, Agrimensor y Ensayador titulado y Membro de otras varias Sociedades Cientificas de la Republica.

Engraved by B. R. Davies, 16 George Str. Euston Sq., London, 1845.

Two other pre-treaty maps, that published by the S. Augustus Mitchell Co. of Philadelphia in 1846, and that by H. S. Tanner (third edition) in 1846, show boundaries between Upper and Lower California (fig. 1), but these, too, are obviously "map boundaries" only, which were never marked on the land. The former consists of a wavy line, sketched in, connecting a point near the northern extremity of the Gulf of California and about 33 miles below the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, with a point on the west coast of the peninsula about 15 miles south of the southern end of San Diego Bay. The Tanner map represents the boundary as extending from the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers to a bay on the west coast of the peninsula, about 25 miles north of El Rosario, and marked Bay of St. Francisco (Vancouver), but now known as the Bay of San Quintin. This is about 160 miles south of the present boundary at Tijuana.

The Don Juan Pantoja map,³ added to the treaty of 1848 as an official part thereof, is a coast survey only, and the atlas copy does not indicate a boundary between Upper and Lower California. But to the fine pen copy of this map, which accompanies the original copy of the treaty filed in the State Department in Washington, D. C., there has been added a due east-west line in red ink which is indicated as "Boundary Line Linea Divisoria." This line, according to the linear scale which appears on the map, is about 13 1-3 "millas maritimas" south of the "Presidio de S. Diego" or about 3½ English miles south of the southern extremity of the bay, and this is the present boundary. This treaty copy extends slightly farther southward than the Atlas original in order to include the boundary.

This present international boundary between the Californias corresponds with no preexisting boundary, although the wording of the treaty defining this line implies that it does. In Section 5 of the treaty, it is stated that the boundary shall extend from the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers and "*thence following the division line between Upper and Lower California to the Pacific Ocean.*" The implication of this phraseology is that the commissioners responsible for the treaty had intended that the boundary beginning at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers should extend westward to the Pacific Ocean upon some earlier boundary, and could therefore have reference only to the Condé, or the Tanner, boundaries, since only these pass through the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers.

³ Map num° 5° in the "*Atlas para el viage de las goletas Sutil y Mexicana al reconocimiento del estrecho de Juan de Fuca en 1792, publicado en Madrid 1802.*" Map num° 5° is entitled "*Plano del Puerto de S. Diego en la costa setentl de Californ.*" Levantado por el 2° Piloto de la Armada D. Juan Pantoja. Ano 1782."

But continuing further, the treaty provides that the Pacific terminus of the boundary shall be "*at a point on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, distant one marine league due south of the southernmost point of the port of San Diego, according to the plan of the said port made in the year 1782 by Don Juan Pantoja.*"

The boundary thus defined corresponds with no previous boundary, and therefore cannot be accounted for except by the assumption that the commissioners were ignorant of any previous boundary marker on the Pacific, and proposed this as an approximation of the western terminus of the original "*division line between Upper and Lower California.*" But this is not the true explanation, as becomes evident from an examination of the diplomatic correspondence⁴ in the case, which reveals the fact that the present boundary line is the result of a compromise finally agreed upon by the American commissioner and Mexican plenipotentiaries after several proposals and counter-proposals had been made.

James Buchanan, Secretary of State, first instructed the American Commissioner, Nicholas P. Trist, who opened peace negotiations with Mexico during the armistice of April, 1847, to offer the sum of twenty-five million dollars for the entire peninsula of Lower California, but failing in this, not to break off negotiations, but to fix the boundary parallel to, and about twenty miles north of parallel 32 degrees north latitude, and including San Miguel. This latter is the boundary represented on the Disturnell map (fig. 1) and was designed to provide access from the United States to the Gulf of California. But the Mexican diplomats were unwilling to sell Lower California, and upon the insistence of the Mexican commissioners of the absolute necessity of Mexico possessing an overland passage to Lower California, Mr. Trist proposed to establish the boundary on the 33rd parallel of north latitude, from the Colorado River to the Pacific, thereby restoring the port of San Diego to Mexico. This line terminated on the Pacific coast just north of Del Mar. For this breach of instructions, Trist was recalled, and other commissioners appointed in his place — but, undaunted, and acting upon his own initiative and without the approval of his government, he proceeded to negotiate a treaty which fixed the boundary as it now stands, and this, curiously enough, was accepted and duly ratified by both governments.

This compromise boundary, then — our present international boundary — midway between those proposed by the two governments, was

⁴ U. S. Senate Document No. 52—30th Congress, 1st Session, May 31, 1848. Various papers relating to the treaty between the United States and Mexico, from which the injunction of secrecy has been removed.

the result of a last desperate attempt upon the part of Trist to reconcile the views of the two governments before the arrival of the new commissioners, and this circumstance doubtless accounts for the ambiguous wording "*thence following the division line between Upper and Lower California*," for these words imply that the Condé boundary is being followed to the Pacific, and therefore that it conforms substantially to Buchanan's request that the boundary conform to that represented on the Disturnell map. It will be observed that the Condé and the Disturnell boundaries terminate at the same point on the Pacific coast (fig. 1). Only careful measurements on the map could have revealed the truth that Trist's proposal meant the loss of some 33 miles of territory on the Pacific.

Such is the history of the boundary between the Californias, and such is the relation of the original Spanish boundary to succeeding boundaries. From this it is perceived that the lost Palou marker has led to many divergent views as to the correct western terminus of this boundary, and for this reason the finding of the original landmark here reported is of especial historic interest. This was accomplished on May 31, 1926, and the mission was undertaken at the suggestion of Professor H. E. Bolton, who in translating Palou's *Noticias* found the following description of the original marker:⁵

On August 19th we arrived at the place which in the Concordato, approved by the royal council and confirmed by His Excellency, had been designated as the terminus of the missions of the Reverend Dominican Fathers and the beginning of those of the College of San Fernando. Bringing forward a huge cross, which had been constructed on the preceding day from the wood of an alder tree in the Arroyo of San Juan Bautista, the following inscription was placed upon it: "*Division de las Misiones de Nuestro Padre Santo Domingo y de Nuestro Padre San Francisco, Año de 1773*." We then planted it upon a very high rock, which is on the very road, by fastening it in a cleft offered by the rock itself as though it had been prepared for the very purpose of serving as a pedestal for the Cross. While we raised and venerated it we sang with extraordinary joy the *Te Deum Laudamus* in thanksgiving to God, our Lord, for having already reached the land of our destination. The holy Cross was not placed on the new point of the Sierra Madre which ends before reaching the coast, as is indicated in the Agreement, because said point is more than 3 leagues from the public highway, but at the end of said sierra, which we religious, who made the examination, and the soldiers with the sergeant who knew said road, judged to be parallel with the said point 5 leagues distant from the said Arroyo de San Juan Bautista, and about 15 from the port of San Diego, so that where the Cross marks the dividing line a downward course begins to a very high elevation in the land below until the road is about to reach the place called De los Medanos, where we made a stop on the 20th.

With the above description in hand, the actual finding of the rock was easily accomplished, although some difficulties were encountered. The "highway," for example, turned out to be an obscure cattle trail, high up in the foothills, long since abandoned, and traced out on the ground with difficulty. Palou states that the rock is about 15 leagues

⁵ Engelhardt, Fr. Zephyrin, O. F. M. *The Missions and Missionaries of California*. Vol. 1. 1908. pp. 489-490.

(40.5 miles) south of the port of San Diego, and about 5 leagues (13.5 miles) north of the Arroyo de San Juan Bautista. This would seem to fix the locality rather definitely, but such is not the case — first, because it is not stated to which particular part of the port of San Diego, which is 10 miles in length, the description refers, and second, because there is no place in this part of the peninsula now known as the Arroyo de San Juan Bautista.⁶

These seemingly accurate bearings then, were only helpful in indicating the general locality in which the search should be begun. The first discovery of importance was the Arroyo de los Medanos, which is still known by that name, and which is a small valley opening on the sea some 29.4 miles south of Tia Juana on the present highway. The second was the old trail, referred to by Palou as a "highway," which may be traced northward from the ruins of the Dominican Mission of San Miguel (locally known as Vieja), in the Guadalupe Valley, 13½ miles south of the Arroyo de los Medanos. This dim old mission trail is visible ascending the steep canyon walls of Guadalupe Valley from near the alkali flat west of the mission, and traversing the hill tops northward until it descends to the mission site of Descano, and emerging therefrom again 2 miles further on "*a downward course begins to a very high elevation in the land below until the road is about to reach the placed called De los Medanos.*" Just before beginning the steep descent into Medanos, the trail passes within a few feet of a large mass of partly disintegrated rock (fig. 2), some 40 feet in diameter by 10 in height, crowning an eminence in the landscape, and standing out as a prominent landmark among the smooth grass-covered hill tops. This is Palou's boundary marker.⁷

The rock itself contains several crevices, but no remains of the alder wood Cross placed there one hundred and fifty-three years ago were to be found. In other respects, too, this rock tallies with Palou's description. Directly east, and at an estimated distance of 7 miles, a prominent rocky dome rises some two or three hundred feet above the general level of the mountain range. This is visible in the photograph (fig. 2), and is the "*new point of the Sierra Madre . . . more than 3 leagues (8.1 miles) from the public highway,*" as described by Palou.

Within a few feet of the rock, the trail branches into three forks,

⁶ Subsequent measurements have convinced the writer of the identity of Palou's "Arroyo de San Juan Bautista," and the modern "Rio Guadalupe."

⁷ The principal vegetation in the vicinity of the rock consisted of: Fox-tail *Hordeum murium*, Star thistle *Centaurea melitensis*, Tar weed *Hemizonia* sp., Sow thistle *Sonchus oleraceus*, Bur clover *Medicago hispida*, Filaree *Erodium cicutarium*, Loco weed *Astragalus* sp., Sagebrush *Artemisia heterophylla*, Golden Top *Lamarckia aurea*, and Sheep grass *Bromus hordeaceus*.

one passing east toward the rocky dome, one continuing straight by the rock in a northerly direction, and one turning sharply to the northwest passes directly by the rock itself. Taking the latter, one descends abruptly down a narrow hogback, which drops off on the east into a narrow canyon some 200 feet in depth upon the floor of which there is a fine grove of live oak trees. The trail enters this canyon, which we called Live Oak Canyon, through a narrow gully from the west, and proceeds down it a distance of about $\frac{1}{3}$ of a mile, where it enters the larger valley of Medanos, about 1.8 miles from the sea, and then speedily loses itself in the maze of modern trails and wagon roads. Looking down into the valley from Palou's rock, however, the trail may be seen emerging again further down the valley and winding its way over the hills toward San Diego.

To visit Palou's rock by automobile, one would take the Tia Juana to Ensenada highway to the Arroyo de los Medanos, 29.4 miles south of the international boundary. This may be easily found by means of a rock some 50 feet in diameter, situated about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile offshore and $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile north of the mouth of the valley. This rock projects 10 to 15 feet above the surface at high tide, and may be seen from the road for several miles before reaching the valley. Crossing a small bridge over Medanos Creek, turn to the left, taking a well traveled road up the Arroyo de los Medanos. At the time of my visit — May, 1926 — this intersection was marked by a sign which read: "Liafail Development Co. Camp — 2 miles. Sindicato de Sancollo Liafail S. A. 2 kilometas y medio."

From this point the dome-shaped rocky peak, referred to by Palou, is visible towering above the eastern end of the valley. Taking the road up the valley one passes several small ranchos and arrives at the camp of the Liafail Oil Development Co. about 1.7 miles distant. Passing through a gate, and making a sharp right turn, follow the road in a southeasterly direction for .25 mile, at which point ford the creek by turning sharply to the right. This ford is made about 150 yards before reaching a ranch house. Next proceed by machine up the narrow box canyon (Live Oak Canyon) which enters Medanos Valley at this point. At a point $\frac{1}{3}$ of a mile above the ford a narrow gully enters Live Oak Canyon from the right (west). Leaving the auto here, proceed by foot up the steep trail between the gully and Live Oak Canyon for a distance of about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to Palou's rock.

An easier approach, but one requiring more walking, is by way of a cattle trail, which leaves the present highway through the first narrow gulch, just south of the point where Medanos Creek enters the sea, and winds by easy grades over the hills some 2 miles to the rock. To go



Fig. 2. Palou's rock—which marks the first boundary between Upper and Lower California.

this way one would leave his auto on the beach just south of Medanos Creek.

The discovery of Palou's rock was made on May 31, 1926, and on the following day the writer and Edward A. Atmore, a member of the expedition, returned to the spot with photographic equipment and erected a small monument of stones in a crevice between and sheltered by two large rocks near the center of the group. In the photograph (fig. 2) the monument is situated in line with the rattlesnake held in the writer's right hand, and under the edge of the boulder upon which he is standing. In an excavation beneath this monument we placed a Chianti wine bottle containing the following document:

"Division de las Misiones de Nuestro Padra Santo Domingo y de Nuestro Padre San Francisco Ano de 1773."

Located May 31, 1926, from Palou's diary.

GEO. W. HENDRY,
University of California,
Berkeley, California.

and around the neck of the bottle a paper was wrapped bearing the following inscription:

Please do not disturb. Document inside merely records finding of boundary between Dominican and Franciscan missions by G. W. Hendry, June 1, 1296.

No disturbe. Documento Adentr corde el encuentro de la linea entr las misiones Dominicanas y Franciscan descubrito por — G. W. Hendry — Junio 1, 1926.

GEO. W. HENDRY.

EARLY YEARS IN YOSEMITE

As early as 1806 a party of Spaniards explored the lower course of the Merced River, but, it is doubtful if they ascended far above the Indian villages in the foothills. The first authentic information that we have of exploration in the Yosemite region is given us by Zenas Leonard, clerk of the now well-known Walker expedition. So much has recently been published on Joseph Reddeford Walker that it is only necessary to remind the reader that in 1833 he followed a course that took him directly through what is now Yosemite National Park. Judging from Leonard's reference to "mile high precipices" and streams that "precipitated themselves from one lofty precipice to another," we may well suppose that this party was the first to look into Yosemite Valley or Hetch Hetchy or both. Their views were all from the "rim" above and it is certain that no descent was made by them to the Valley floor.

No other written accounts are known of which any parts may be construed as referring to Yosemite until the appearance of Judge Marvin's account published in the *Alta California*, April 23, 1851. Marvin was quartermaster of the Mariposa Battalion but did not enter Yosemite with the organization when the first expedition was made.

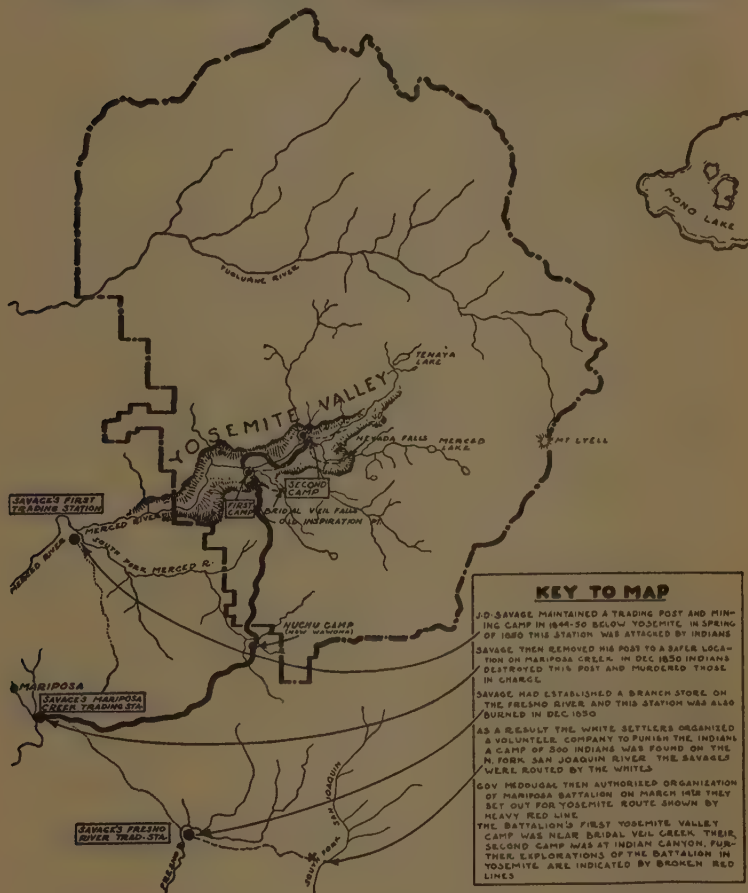
After the rush of gold seekers to the first scenes of mining activity in 1849, there came a natural extension of mining both north and south. In the winter of 1850 miners were busy in the mountains just west of Yosemite, and it was during that winter that B. F. Johnson, better known as "Quartz Johnson," discovered the Johnson Lode later famous through its connection with Colonel Frémont.¹ The foothills swarmed with excited miners; the towns of Mariposa, Bear Valley, Mount Bullion and Coulterville sprang up in the vicinity of the discoveries; and adventurous traders established trading posts outside of towns to accommodate the miners and the Indians.

One such trader was James D. Savage, who maintained a store at the mouth of the South Fork of the Merced. Unfriendly Indians drove him from this location in the spring of 1850 and he removed his store and mining camp to Mariposa Creek. He found it possible to exchange his goods for gold at an enormous profit and extended his thriving business by establishing a second trading post on the Fresno River. He took to himself five Indian wives and apparently won the confidence and good will of the tribes with which he was associated. But the

¹ Bunnell, *Discovery of the Yosemite*, 1880, p. 315.

DISCOVERY OF YOSEMITE

FIRST EXPEDITION — MARIPOSA INDIAN WAR



Yosemite Museum

YOSEMITE MUSEUM—DATA COMPILED BY C. P. RUSSELL.

mountain Indians resented the white man's coming and were constantly on the verge of hostilities. In December, 1850, the Fresno River store was attacked and destroyed. Two of the men in charge were brutally murdered. Almost simultaneously with this outlawry, Savage's Mariposa Creek Station was set upon and the three white men in charge were killed. Savage's squaws were carried off by their own people. Other outrages of the same character occurred soon after, and the Mariposa Indian War was so started.

When it was rumored that the Indians were concentrating for a more extensive operation, it was not difficult to bring the white settlers to an agreement to organize for self-protection. Without official authority a party under the leadership of Sheriff Burney and James D. Savage started at once to check the marauders who were assembling in the foothills. Several skirmishes were had with the Indians, the most important at a large Indian camp on the North Fork of the San Joaquin.

By this time, Governor McDougal had been appealed to and by his authority two hundred militiamen were called out. Savage was elected major of the new battalion, and three companies, under John J. Kuykendall, John Boling, and William Dill, were organized and drilled near Savage's Mariposa camp. The movements of this organization have recently been so thoroughly described by R. S. Kuykendall² that I will not dwell at length on their discovery of Yosemite. Suffice it to say that in March, 1851, they set out for the mountain stronghold of the troublesome Indians, following a route very near that which is now known as the Wawona Road to Yosemite Valley.

On the South Fork of the Merced at what we call Wawona, a Nuchu camp was surprised and captured. Messengers sent ahead from this camp returned with the assurance that the Yosemite tribe would come in and give themselves up. Old Chief Tenaya of the Yosemite did come into camp, but, after waiting three days for the others, Major Savage became impatient and set out with the battalion to enter the much talked-of Yosemite retreat. When they had covered about half the distance to the Valley, seventy-two Indians were met plodding through the snow. Not convinced that this band constituted the entire tribe, Savage sent them to his camp on the South Fork while he pushed on to the Valley.

On March 25, 1851, the party went into camp near Bridal Veil Fall. That night around the camp fire a suitable name for the remarkable valley was discussed. Lafayette H. Bunnell, a young man upon whom the surroundings and events had made a deeper impres-

² "Early History of Yosemite," in *The Grizzly Bear*, July, 1919; reprinted by U. S. National Park Service.

sion than upon any of the others, urged that it be named Yosemite, after the natives who had been driven out. This name was agreed upon.

Although the whites knew the name of the tribe, they were apparently unaware that the Indians had another name, Ahwahnee, for the Valley.

The next morning the camp was moved to the mouth of Indian Canyon, and the day was spent in exploring the Valley. Only one Indian was found, an ancient squaw, too feeble to escape. Parties penetrated Tenaya Canyon above Mirror Lake, ascended the Merced Canyon beyond Nevada Fall, and explored both to the north and to the south of the river on the Valley floor. No more Indians were discovered, and on the third day the party withdrew from the Valley. The Indians who had been gathered while the party was on the way to the Valley escaped from their guard while en route to the Indian Commissioner's camp on the Fresno; so this first expedition accomplished nothing in the way of subduing the Yosemitees.

The Indian Commissioners then in California made a concerted effort to treat with all existing tribes. In May, 1851, Major Savage sent Captain John Boling and his company back to Yosemite to surprise the elusive inhabitants and to whip them well. Boling followed the same route taken previously and arrived in Yosemite on May 9. He made his first camp near the site of the present Sentinel Hotel. Chief Tenaya and a few of his followers were captured, but the majority of the Yosemitees eluded their pursuers. It was during this stay in Yosemite that the first letter from the Valley was dispatched. On May 15, 1851, Captain Boling wrote to Major Savage of his affairs, and the letter was published in the *Alta California*, June 12, 1851.

On May 21, some members of the invading party discovered the fresh trail of a small party of Indians traveling in the direction of the Mono country. Immediate pursuit was made, and on the 22nd the Yosemitees were discovered encamped on the shores of Tenaya Lake in a spot much of which was snow covered. They were completely surprised and surrendered without a struggle. This was the first expedition made into the Yosemite high country from the west, and it was on this occasion that the name Lake Tenaya was applied by Bunnell. The old Indian chief, on being told of how his name was to be perpetuated, sullenly remonstrated that the lake already had a name, "Py-we-ack" — Lake of the Shining Rocks.³

In the early spring of 1926 I made a trip through the snow to Tenaya Lake, and as I skied over the soft surface, I tried to imagine

³ Bunnell (1880), p. 237.

the amusing spectacle of Captain Boling's men "stripped to the drawers, in which situation all hands ran at full speed at least four miles, some portion of the time over and through snow ten feet deep."⁴

The Indians were on this second occasion successfully escorted to the Fresno reservation. Tenaya and his band, however, refused to adapt themselves to the conditions under which they were forced to live. They begged repeatedly to be permitted to return to the mountains and to the acorn food of their ancestors. At last, on his solemn promise to behave, Tenaya was permitted to go back to Yosemite with members of his family. In a short time his old followers quietly slipped away from the reservation and joined him. No attempt was made to bring them back.

During the winter of 1851-1852, no complaints against the Yosemitees were registered, but in May of 1852 a party of eight prospectors made their way into the Valley where two of them were killed by the Indians.

Recently a remarkable manuscript prepared by a member of this party has come into my hands. Apparently the article was obtained by Mrs. A. E. Chandler of Santa Cruz, who in 1901 mailed it to Galen Clark in Yosemite. It remained in Galen Clark's possession until his death, when it, together with other papers, was turned over to the pioneer Yosemite photographer, George Fiske. When Mr. Fiske died, the papers were given to National Park Service officials, and have but just now been placed in the Yosemite Museum for use and safe keeping.

These reminiscences of Stephen F. Grover's are apparently so authentically presented and divulge so much that has been unrecorded that I welcome the opportunity to publish them. Readers who are familiar with Yosemite history as it has been accepted since the appearance of Bunnell's *Discovery of Yosemite* in 1880 will recognize a number of incidents that are at variance with previous records.

[GROVER'S NARRATIVE]

A Reminiscence

On the 27th of April, 1852, a party of miners, consisting of Messrs. Grover, Babcock, Peabody, Tudor, Sherburn, Rose, Aich, and an Englishman whose name I cannot now recall, left Coarse Gold Gulch in Mariposa County, on an expedition prospecting for gold in the wilds of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We followed up Coarse Gold Gulch into the Sierras, traveling five days, and took the Indian trail through the Mariposa Big Tree Grove, and were the first white men to enter there. Then we followed the South Fork of the Merced River, traveling on Indian trails the entire time.

On reaching the hills above Yosemite Valley, our party camped for the night, and questioned the expediency of descending into the Valley at all. Our party were all opposed to the project except Sherburn, Tudor, and Rose. They overpersuaded the rest and fairly forced us against our will, and we finally followed the old Mariposa Indian trail on the morning of the 2nd of May, and entering the Valley on the East side of the Merced River, camped on a little opening, near a

⁴ Kuykendall (U. S. N. P. S. edition), p. 10.

bend in the River free from any brush whatever, and staked out our pack mules by the river. I, being the youngest of the party, a mere boy of twenty-two years, and not feeling usually well that morning, remained in camp with Aich and the Englishman to prepare dinner, while the others went up the Valley, some prospecting, and others hunting for game. We had no fear of the Indians, as they had been peaceable, and no outbreaks having occurred, the whites traveled fearlessly wherever they wished to go. Thus, we had no apprehension of trouble. To my astonishment and horror I heard our men attacked, and amid firing, screams, and confusion, here came Peabody, who reached camp first, wounded by an arrow in his arm and another in the back of his neck, and one through his clothes, just grazing the skin of his stomach, wetting his rifle and ammunition in crossing the river as he ran to reach camp. Babcock soon followed, and as both men had plunged through the stream that flows from the Bridal Veil Falls in making their escape, they were drenched to the skin.

On reaching us, Aich immediately began picking the wet powder from Babcock's rifle, while I with my rifle stood guard and kept the savages at bay the best I could. (The other men, with the exception of Sherburn, Tudor and Rose, came rushing into camp in wild excitement.) Rose, a Frenchman, was the first to fall, and from the opposite side of the stream where he fell, apparently with his death wound, he screamed to us "Tis no use to try to save ourselves, we have all got to die." He was the only one of our company that could speak Indian and we depended on him for an interpreter. Sherburn and Tudor were killed in this first encounter, Tudor being killed with an ax in the hands of a savage, which was taken along with the party for cutting wood. The Indians gathered around as near as they dared to come, whooping and yelling, and constantly firing arrows at us. We feared they would pick up the rifles dropped by our companions in their flight, and turn them against us, but they did not know how to use them. As we were very hard pressed, and as the number of Indians steadily increased, we tried to escape by the old Mariposa trail, the one by which we entered the Valley, one of our number catching up a sack of a few pounds of flour and another a tin cup and some of our outer clothing and fled as best we could with the savages in hot pursuit. We had proceeded but a short distance when we were attacked in front by the savages who had cut off our retreat. Death staring at us on almost every hand, and seeing no means of escape, we fled to the bluff, I losing my pistol as I ran. We were in a shower of arrows all the while, and the Indians were closing in upon us very fast; the valley seemed alive with them — on rocks, and behind trees, bristling like Demons, shrieking their war whoops, and exulting in our apparently easy capture. We fired back at them to keep them off while we tried to make our way forward hugging the bluff as closely as possible. Our way was soon blocked by the Indians who headed us off with a shower of arrows, (two going through my clothing, one through my hat which I lost), when from above the rocks began to fall on us and in our despair we clung to the face of the bluff, and scrambling up we found a little place in the turn of the wall, a shelf-like projection, where, after infinite labor, we succeeded in gathering ourselves, secure from the falling rocks, at least, which were being thrown by Indians under the orders from their Chief. The arrows still whistled among us thick and fast, and I fully believe — could I visit that spot even now after the lapse of all these years — I could still pick up some of those flint arrow points in the shelf of the rock and in the face of the bluff where we were huddled together.

We could see the old Chief Tenieya way up in the Valley in an open space with fully one hundred and fifty Indians around him, to whom he gave his orders which were passed to another Chief just below us, and these two directed those around them and shouted orders to those on the top of the bluff who were rolling the rocks over on us. Fully believing ourselves doomed men, we never relaxed our vigilance, but with the two rifles we still kept them at bay, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. I recall, with wonder, how every event of my life up to that time passed through my mind, incident after incident, with lightning rapidity, and with wonderful precision.

We were crowded together beneath this little projecting rock, (two rifles were fortunately retained in our little party, one in the hands of Aich and one in my own), every nerve strung to its highest tension, and being wounded myself with an arrow through my sleeve that cut my arm and another through my hat, when all of a sudden the Chief just below us, about fifty yards distant, suddenly

threw up his hands and with a terrible yell fell over backwards with a bullet through his body. Immediately, the firing of arrows ceased and the savages were thrown into confusion, while notes of alarm were sounded and answered far up the Valley and from the high bluffs above us. They began to withdraw and we could hear the twigs crackle as they crept away.

It was now getting dusk and we had been since early morning without food or rest. Not knowing what to expect we remained where we were, suffering from our wounds and tortured with fear till the moon went down about midnight; then trembling in every limb, we ventured to creep forth, not daring to attempt the old trail again; we crept along and around the course of the bluff and worked our way up through the snow, from point to point, often feeling the utter impossibility of climbing farther, but with an energy born of despair, we would try again, helping the wounded more helpless than ourselves, and by daylight we reached the top of the bluff. A wonderful hope of escape animated us though surrounded as we were, and we could but realize how small our chances were for evading the savages who were sure to be sent on our trail. Having had nothing to eat since the morning before, we breakfasted by stirring some of our flour in the tin cup, with snow, and passing it around among us, in full sight of the smoke of the Indian camps and signal fires all over the valley.

Our feelings toward the "Noble Red Man" at this time can better be imagined than described.

Starting out warily and carefully, expecting at every step to feel the stings of the whizzing arrows of our deadly foes, we kept near and in the most dense underbrush, creeping slowly and painfully along as best we could, those who were best able carrying the extra garments of the wounded and helping them along; fully realizing the probability of the arrow tips with which we were wounded having been dipped in poison before being sent on their message of death. In this manner we toiled on, a suffering and saddened band of once hopeful prospectors.

Suddenly a deer bounded in sight. Some objected to our shooting as the report of our rifle might betray us—but said I, "As well die by our foes as by starvation," and dropping on one knee with never a steadier nerve or truer aim, the first crack of my rifle brought him down. Hope revived in our hearts, and quickly skinning our prize we roasted pieces of venison on long sticks thrust in the flame and smoke, and with no seasoning whatever it was the sweetest morsel I ever tasted. Hastily stripping the flesh from the hind quarters of the deer, Aich and myself, being the only ones able to carry the extra burden, shouldered the meat and we again took up our line of travel. In this manner we toiled on and crossed the Mariposa Trail, and passed down the south fork of the Merced River, constantly fearing pursuit. As night came on we prepared camp by cutting crocheted stakes which we drove in the ground and putting a pole across enclosed it with brush, making a pretty secure hiding place for the night, where we crept under and lay close together. Although expecting an attack we were so exhausted and tired that we soon slept.

An incident of the night occurs to me:—One of the men on reaching out his foot quickly, struck one of the poles, and down came the whole structure upon us. Thinking that our foes were upon us, our frightened crowd sprang out and made for the more dense brush, but as quiet followed we realized our mistake and gathering together again we passed the remainder of the night in sleepless apprehension.

When morning came we started again, following up the river, and passed one of our camping places. We traveled as far as we could in that direction, and prepared for our next night to camp and slept in a big hollow tree, still fearing pursuit. We passed the night undisturbed and in the morning started again on our journey, keeping in the shelter of the brush, and crossed the foot of the Falls, a little above Crane Flat—so named by us, as one of our party shot a large crane there while going over, but it is now known as Wawona. We still traveled in the back ground, passing through Big Tree Grove again, but not until we gained the ridge above Chowchilla did we feel any surety of ever seeing our friends again.

Traveling on thus for five days, we at last reached Coarse Gold Gulch once more, barefooted and ragged but more glad than I can express. An excited crowd soon gathered around us and while listening to our hair-breadth escapes, our sufferings and perils, and while vowing vengeance on the treacherous savages, an

Indian was seen quickly coming down the mountain trail, gaily dressed in war paint and feathers, evidently a spy on our track, and not three hours behind us. A party of miners watched him as he passed by the settlement. E. Whitney Grover, my brother, and a German cautiously followed him. The haughty Red Man was made to bite the dust before many minutes had passed.

My brother Whitney Grover quickly formed a company of twenty-five men, who were piloted by Aich, and started for the Valley to bury our unfortunate companions. They found only Sherburn and Tudor, after a five days march, and met with no hostility from the Indians. They buried them where they lay, with such land marks as were at hand at that time. I have often called to mind the fact that the two men, Sherburn and Tudor, the only ones of our party who were killed on that eventful morning, were seen reading their Bibles while in camp the morning before starting into the Valley. They were both good men and we mourned their loss sincerely.

After we had been home six days, Rose, who was a partner of Sherburn and Tudor in a mine about five miles west of Coarse Gold Gulch, where there was a small mining camp, appeared in the neighborhood and reported the attack and said the whole party was killed, and that he alone escaped. On being questioned he said he hid behind the Waterfall and lived by chewing the leather strap which held his rifle across his shoulders. This sounded strange to us as he had his rifle and plenty of ammunition and game was abundant. Afterward hearing of our return to Coarse Gold Gulch camp, he never came to see us as would have been natural, but shortly disappeared. We thought his actions and words very strange and we remembered how he urged us to enter the Valley, and at the time of the attack was the first one to fall, right amongst the savages, apparently with his death wound, and now he appears without a scratch, telling his version of the affair and disappearing without seeing any of us. We all believed he was not the honest man and friend we took him to be. He took possession of the gold mine in which he held a one-third interest with Sherburn and Tudor, and sold it.

Years afterward, in traveling at a distance and amongst strangers, I heard this story of our adventures repeated, as told by Aich, and he represented himself as the only man of the party who was not in the least frightened. I told them that "I was most thoroughly frightened, and Aich looked just as I felt."

STEPHEN F. GROVER, Santa Cruz, California.

The commander of the regular army garrison at Fort Miller was notified of these events and a detachment of the Second Infantry under Lieutenant Tredwell Moore was dispatched in June, 1852. Five Indians were captured in the Yosemite Valley, all of whom were found to possess articles of clothing belonging to the murdered men. These Indians were summarily shot. Tenaya's scouts undoubtedly witnessed this prompt pronouncement of judgment, and the members of the tribe fled with all speed to their Piute allies at Mono Lake.

The soldiers pursued the fleeing Indians by way of Tenaya Lake and Bloody Canyon. They found no trace of the Yosemitees and could elicit no information from the Piutes. The party explored the region north and south of Bloody Canyon and found some promising mineral deposits. In August they returned to Tuolumne Soda Springs and then made their way back to Mariposa by way of the old Mono Trail that passed south of Yosemite Valley.

Upon arrival at Mariposa they exhibited samples of their ore discoveries. This created the usual "excitement," and Lee Vining with a party of companions hastened to visit the region to prospect for

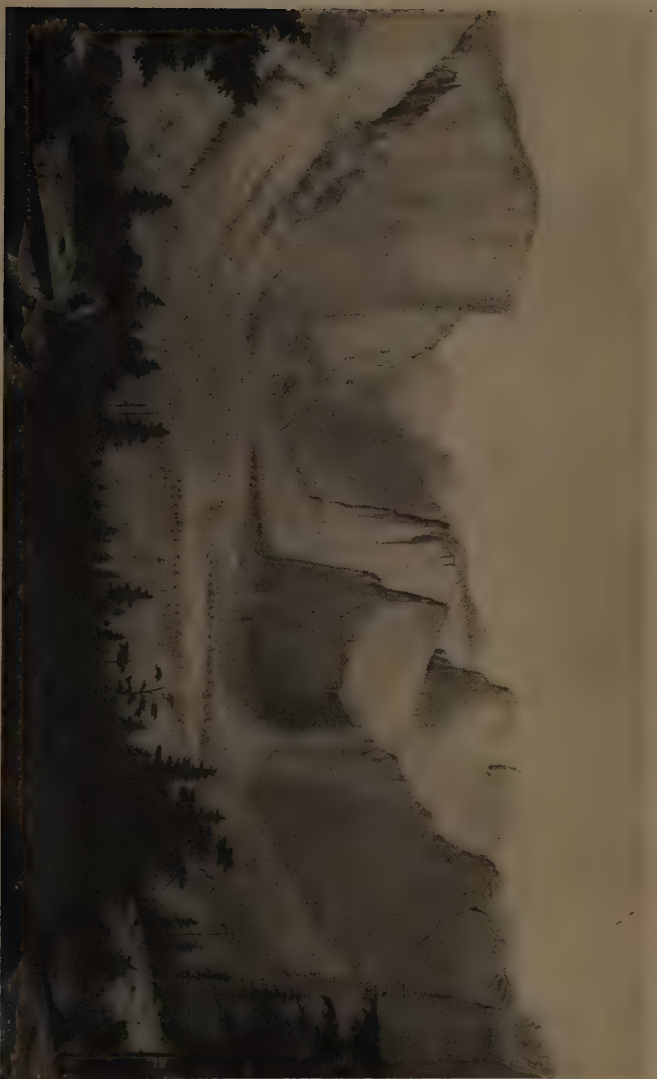
gold. Leevining Canyon, through which the Tioga Road now passes, was named for the leader of this party. By 1857 word reached miners west of the range that rich deposits had been found at the Mono Diggings, and a rush from the Tuolumne mines resulted. In 1859 the great wealth of Bodie was discovered, and the Mono mining excitement was on in earnest.

Tenaya and his refugee band remained with the Mono Indians until late in the summer of 1853 when they again ventured into their old haunts in the Yosemite Valley. Shortly after they had re-established themselves in their old home, a party of young Yosemitees made a raid on the camp of their former hosts and stole a band of horses which the Monos had recently driven up from southern California. The thieves brought the animals to Yosemite by a very roundabout route through a pass at the head of the San Joaquin, hoping by this means to escape detection. However, the Monos at once discovered the ruse, and organized a war party to wreak vengeance upon their ungrateful guests. Surprising the Yosemitees while they were feasting gluttonously upon the stolen horses, they almost annihilated Tenaya's band with stones before a rally could be effected. Eight of the Yosemite braves escaped the slaughter and fled down the Merced Canyon. The old men and women who escaped death were given their liberty, but the young women and children were made captive and taken to Mono Lake.

The story of this last act in the elimination of the troublesome Yosemitees was made known to Bunnell by surviving members of the tribe. A number of parties of miners emboldened by the news, visited the Valley in the fall of 1853. During 1854 no white men are known to have entered the Valley.

By 1855 several accounts written by members of the three punitive expeditions that had entered Yosemite had been published in San Francisco papers. The difficulties of overcoming hostile Indians in the search for gold were far more prominent in the minds of these writers than the scenic wonders of the new-found valley. Nevertheless, the mention of a thousand-foot waterfall in one of these published letters awakened James M. Hutchings, then publishing the *California Magazine*, to the possibilities that Yosemite presented. Hutchings organized the first tourist party in June, 1855, and with two of the original Yosemitees as guides proceeded from Mariposa over the old Indian trail to the Valley.⁵ Thomas Ayres, an artist, was a member of the party and during this visit he made the first sketches ever made in Yosemite.

⁵ Hutchings, *In the Heart of the Sierras*, 1886, pp. 79-80.



THE FIRST PICTURE MADE IN YOSEMITE
BY THOMAS A. AYRES, 1855

Ten of these original pencil drawings are now on exhibition in the Yosemite Museum.⁶

Several other parties followed that year. Milton and Houston Mann, who had accompanied one of these sight-seeing expeditions, were so imbued with the possibilities of serving the hordes of visitors soon to come that they set to work immediately to construct a horse toll-trail from the South Fork of the Merced to the Yosemite Valley. Galen Clark, who had also been a member of one of these 1855 expeditions, was prompted to establish a camp on the South Fork where travelers could be accommodated. This camp was located at the beginning of the Mann Brothers' trail and later became known as Clark's Station. We call it Wawona now. The Mann brothers finished their trail in 1856. In the same year George W. Coulter, assisted by Bunnell, built the "Coulterville Free Trail" from Bull Creek through Hazel Green and Tamarack Flat to the Valley.

The first habitation to be constructed by white men in Yosemite was a rough shack put up in 1855 by a party of surveyors of which Bunnell was a member. A company had been organized to bring water from the foot of the Valley into the "dry diggings" of the Mariposa estate. It was supposed that a claim in the Valley would doubly secure the water privileges.⁷

The first permanent structure was built in 1856 by Walworth and Hite. It was known as the "Lower Hotel" and occupied the site later occupied by Black's Hotel.⁸

In the spring of 1857, Beardsley and Hite put up a canvas covered house on the site of the present "Cedar Cottage." The next year this was replaced by a wooden structure, the planks for which had been whipsawed by hand. In 1859 C. L. Weed took the first photograph in Yosemite, with this building as his first subject. This ancient hotel

⁶ The famous Ayres' drawings made in Yosemite in 1855 have been presented to the Yosemite Museum. In the more than seventy years that have elapsed since they were created, they have journeyed on pack mules, sailed the seas in old U. S. Men of War, jolted about in covered wagons, and at last made a transcontinental journey in fast express trains to come again to the wonderful valley that gave them birth.

In 1853, James Alden, then a commander in the U. S. Navy, came to California on a commission to settle the boundary between Mexico and California. He remained until 1860. Some time between 1856 and 1860 he visited Yosemite Valley. Probably on his return to San Francisco he came upon Ayres' drawings, which appealed to him as the best mementos of his Yosemite experience, and he procured ten originals and one lithograph. Recently Mrs. Ernest W. Bowditch, Mrs. C. W. Hubbard, and Mrs. A. H. Eustis, descendants of Admiral Alden and heirs to these priceless pictures, have presented them to the Government Museum, which stands near the spot where some of them were made.

⁷ *Country Gentleman*, October 9, 1856.

⁸ Bunnell (1880), Chapter 19. — Whitney, *Yosemite Guide Book*, 1871, p. 19. — Hutchings, *In the Heart of the Sierras*, 1886, p. 101.

still stands and is known as "Cedar Cottage." It was to this hostelry that J. M. Hutchings came in 1864 in the rôle of proprietor. The mirth and discomfiture engendered among Hutchings' guests by the cheese cloth partitions between bedrooms prompted him to build a sawmill near the foot of Yosemite Falls in order to produce sufficient lumber to "hard finish" his hostelry. It was in this mill that John Muir found employment for a time. The hotel was embellished with lean-tos and porches and an addition was constructed at the rear in which was completely enclosed the trunk of a large growing cedar tree. Hutchings built a great fireplace in this sitting room and proceeded to make the novel gathering place famous as the "Big Tree Room."⁹

A winter spent in the frigid shade of the south wall of Yosemite Valley convinced the Hutchings family that their "Big Tree Room" was not a pleasant winter habitation. Like the inhabitants of the latest Yosemite village they built anew and moved into the warm sunshine of the north side of the Valley. With their own hands members of the family constructed a snug cabin among giant black oaks near the foot of Yosemite Falls and there spent the remainder of their Yosemite days.

One of the mountaineers who aided in the construction of the "Upper Hotel" or "Hutchings House" in 1859 was James C. Lamon. That same year he located a preemption claim at the upper end of the Valley, built the first log cabin, and planted a fine orchard. This orchard still flourishes and marks the site of the activities of this first permanent settler in Yosemite. For fifteen years Lamon endeared himself to his Yosemite neighbors. Following his death, in 1875, his premises were occupied by A. Harris, who established the first public camp ground in Yosemite.

In 1864 a bill introduced by Senator Conness of California was passed by Congress granting Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Tree Grove to the State of California as a public trust. Governor Low of California then proclaimed eight citizens known to be familiar with the region as a board of commissioners to manage the Valley. They in turn, appointed Galen Clark as guardian. In 1866 the State legislature enacted a law providing for the administration of the grant and made a small appropriation for the first two years. From that time the inhabitants of the Yosemite Grant found themselves subject to regulation by the commissioners.

When in 1869, George F. Leidig was ejected from the "Lower Hotel" by A. G. Black, from whom he had leased the property, he

⁹ Hutchings, [*Guide to*] *Yo Semite Valley and the Big Trees*, 1895, p. 56.

secured permission from the commissioners to build a hotel of his own. Leidig's Hotel was located near the foot of the present Glacier Point Short Trail, about four hundred yards below the rival "Lower Hotel." If we may judge from the notes of contemporary writers, Mrs. Leidig excelled all others in her kitchen management. Mr. and Mrs. Black, who undertook the operation of the "Lower Hotel" in 1869 initiated their regime by removing the old hotel and constructing on its site a new one known as "Black's Hotel." Both Black's and "Leidig's" were torn down by order of the Commissioners in 1888.

Of the many comments on hosts and hostelries that one may find in the score of books written on Yosemite during the '70's none commands such voluminous and favorable notice as do J. C. Smith and his famous "Cosmopolitan" bath house and saloon. This favorite resort was built in 1870 and has served continuously to the present time. The building is now occupied by the general offices of the hotel and transportation company.

Another pioneer in Yosemite's hotel business was Albert Snow, proprietor of "La Casa Nevada." In 1869-70 Snow built a trail up the canyon of the Merced and constructed a resort on the flat between Vernal and Nevada Falls. The register of this unique hotel is now among the most prized possessions of the Yosemite Museum. Fire eventually destroyed "La Casa Nevada," and only the ruined foundations and a pile of broken bottles mark its site.

Glacier Point was from the earliest days recognized as a most desirable vantage point, yet from the Valley it was at first accessible only to those nimble tourists capable of scrambling up the ledge and through the steep chimney below the point. In 1871 there came to Yosemite one who was destined to do much toward making accessible points on the Valley's rim. This man was John Conway, and several of the most used trails in the park serve as monuments to his energy and ability. His first task was to build the trail from Snow's to Little Yosemite. That finished, he undertook the same year the construction of the "Four Mile Trail" to Glacier Point. This work was done for McCauley, who later took over Perego's Glacier Point stopping place and built the Glacier Point Mountain House. The "Four Mile Trail" was completed in 1872. In 1873 Conway built the Eagle Peak Trail and operated it as a toll trail until it was purchased by the State.

Among the Galen Clark papers recently acquired by the Yosemite Museum is a letter from John Conway outlining his work of trail building in the Yosemite. The letter constitutes an interesting record and is reproduced here, just as written.

Fort Monroe Camp, Wawona & Yosemite Road, July 12, 1891.

Galen Clark, Guardian Yosemite Park

Friend Clark

Yours of the 21st ult. at hand — In reply — The first of my work Engineering and Construction of Roads & trails in Yosemite was commenced July 1st, 1871. beginning at the *Stair* [Little Yosemite & Clouds Rest Trail]. The Chiefs of *Civil Engineering* had pronounced Yo Semite unapproachable by wagon or stage road. For that reason horseback trails are first in the history of that class of improvements.

Capt. Jarvis Kiel (My instructor) had preceeded me to do the Engineering — The transit was set at the top of the wall, telescope depressed cutting the talas at highest point down the canyon indicating too high an angle for this purpose (direct line) and cutting high on the Solid Granite base of Liberty Cap. For three days we walked, stood, sat, and gazed into that solid granite corner. On the evening of the third day the Captin borrowed the instrument saying, "John you see through the telescope all I can tell how to proceed in this matter." "You have come here to build I know you have a *way of your own* that others know nothing of, to work out difficult problems. I place the Engineering in *your own* hands, draw plan in your own judgement." Seated at the top of the wall opposite the stair with a cane for instrument of triangulation (used as straight edge) I drew the plan for as it stand today. Kiel staked the line from Little Yo Semite to Glacier Point. Sent a force of men Jimmy O Hare foreman to cut it through during the time of constructing the Stair, it being the sticking point. everybody saying it couldnt be done.

A temporary trail was first constructed for passing saddle train stock to graze in Little Yo Semite. The moment the mule could climb through the talas at highest point down the canyon indicating too high an angle for this purpose (direct line) and cutting high on the Solid Granite base of Liberty Cap. For three days we walked, stood, sat, and gazed into that solid granite corner. On the evening of the third day the Captin borrowed the instrument saying, "John you see through the telescope all I can tell how to proceed in this matter." "You have come here to build I know you have a *way of your own* that others know nothing of, to work out difficult problems. I place the Engineering in *your own* hands, draw plan in your own judgement." Seated at the top of the wall opposite the stair with a cane for instrument of triangulation (used as straight edge) I drew the plan for as it stand today. Kiel staked the line from Little Yo Semite to Glacier Point. Sent a force of men Jimmy O Hare foreman to cut it through during the time of constructing the Stair, it being the sticking point. everybody saying it couldnt be done.

The Glacier Point Trail was next. I commenced the Engineering and Construction late in the season of 1871 it was completed the following summer [1872] Built the Stage Road down the vally [north side] from Hutchings, also made preliminary Surveys for Stage road on both sides the Vally From Gentrys on the north and Clarks on the south estimating cost of construction. Examined the wall and fixed upon route of Eagle Peak Trail. The same year [1872] broke ground commencing construction of Eagle Peak Trail May 7th 1873 reaching the foot of upper Yo Semite falls that season — and succeeded in its completion to Eagle Peak in Nov. 1877. Early in 1874 made the road up the vally from Hutchings [south side] for a wood road. Made the present road from Hutching down to Blacks during the flood of 1876. Was called in consultation to select sites for two iron bridges. Made measurements and estimates for cost of butments and built them assisting at the erection of the bridges. Commenced the assent of Sout Dome in August 1871. Had examined the rock in '69, had observed seams in the rock. Made eye bolts wedge point, to drive in without drilling, my time being limited to one day on the assent had not provided drills and hammer. Failing to reach the top I left the material at the base Anderson carried out the plan using my material, — I have no record of the cost of the *Eagle Peak Trail*. The account of first part was burned in my camp on the Oak Flat Road at the time of its construction. And records of 2nd division were lost in the flood of 1878. It was built out of the earnings of my family and self — dureing the interval of its construction. The cash expended — outside my own time and labor was perhaps fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. I transferred the property to the State in 1883 — recieving Controllers warrent for fifteen hundred dollars in exchange.

In conclusion I wish to state that in all the work I have done in Yo Semite the most rigid economy was used — "want of fund" was the ever shadowing gost from begining to end — otherwise the grades — and execution of the construction would of been better —

Respectfully, Your humble Servt

JOHN CONWAY.



MARIPOSA ROAD OPENING 1875

A pioneer celebration at Coulter and Murphy's (Cedar Cottage) that contrasts interestingly with the great festivities incident to opening of the Yosemite water grade highway in 1926.

YOSEMITE MUSEUM—GIFT OF T. W. WARD.

By 1873, 12,000 tourists had ridden into the Valley via Mariposa, Coulterville, or Big Oak Flat. Provisions, supplies, John Smith's bath tubs and billiard tables, had all been packed in on the backs of mules. Roads were approaching closer and closer to the Yosemite Grant, and in 1874 both the Coulterville Road and the Big Oak Flat Road were completed to the Valley floor. There was great rejoicing when the first stages rolled down the grades to the Valley floor, and all the countryside greeted the day, June 17, 1874, as heralding a new era for Yosemite. In 1875 the Wawona Road was built to the Valley and again great rejoicing followed among the communities favored by this new service.

With the advent of travel by stage-coach and wagon the first period of Yosemite history comes to an end; the next period is a chapter by itself, lasting until the automobile arrived to bring about still greater changes.

CARL P. RUSSELL.

A FRENCHMAN IN THE GOLD RUSH

(Translated from the Journal of Ernest de Massey)*

PART V

[Continued]

[SAN FRANCISCO AGAIN]

[August 14, 1850] The *Sierra Nevada* that is carrying away to-day not Cæsar and his treasure but merely a poor bankrupt miner is a small ship of one hundred and fifty tons, pretty to look at but devoid of every comfort and luxury. Nevertheless, she is steady and seaworthy.

In charge of her are the Captain and crew, all of whom eat at the same table on a footing of perfect equality when not on duty. All orders, which are given in a pleasant voice, a voice that is almost cultured, are so speedily and accurately executed as to lead one to believe that no line is drawn between master and subordinates here on board except for the fact that now and again the word "Captain" is spoken. After travelling on the *Hector* commanded by a butcher, a drunkard, and an incompetent knave, Captain Kempt, it was a welcome surprise to be surrounded by such conditions and to be in a pleasant environment once more.

Moreover, I could not help asking myself why all our Socialists, fanatics, and theorists have never been able to produce results like these which would add materially to their laurels. A profound philosopher would say that the trouble with us is that theoretically we admit equality, on the condition that it does not affect us personally; freedom of speech, if it does not disrupt our established convictions, and liberty only when it accords with our wishes and interests. To such an extent is this carried in all our political associations that more orators exist than practical men, more leaders than soldiers, and more idealists than workers.

The crew consists of the Captain, five sailors, a cabin-boy, and a cook. These, with four Americans and myself who are passengers, complete the personnel of the small vessel. We are given only two meals a day but they are ample and well-served. Fresh salmon, ham, and potatoes are the main dishes, with coffee, tea and brandy as beverages. For more exacting appetites the buffet is always open and

* Previous sections of De Massey's Journal, relating to experiences in San Francisco and the Trinity Mines in 1850, were printed in the last three numbers of this *Quarterly*. The translation is by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur.

supplied with bread, butter and brandy. I notice no one abuses this privilege.

We had a fine voyage down, with a good breeze tempered by a warm sun. We sailed most of the time within sight of the California coastline lying on our left and with the Pacific stretching off to the horizon on the north, south and west. On this floating haven of rest, so tranquil and quiet after four months of fatigue and hardship, mind and body were refreshed and given a new vigor to meet the problems awaiting me in San Francisco when I get there. (I am sorry to say I do not remember the name of the Captain of the *Sierra Nevada*, and so cannot render him suitable homage.³¹)

On August fifteenth, at three in the afternoon we anchored inside the Golden Gate after thirty-six hours' travelling. It had taken us about fifteen days to make this trip on the *Hector*. By this comparison you can judge the relative worth of the two ships and the two captains.

I registered temporarily at the Marine Hotel,³² the rendezvous of all unfortunate miners, ruined gamblers, and sailors. The day following I started out to see what interesting information I could gather around the city. I learned that my creditor De Gaulne, having lost his mind after the fire last May had wiped him out, had been sent home, and that the sums for which he was liable — if they are ever paid — would be repaid only in France.

This new financial disaster, which deprived me of my last pecuniary resources and of credit on which I was depending, kept me from being able to release goods being held for me at the customs and on ships due to arrive shortly. Would relentless fate never stop pursuing me?

Before forming this connection De Gaulne had assured me he was associated with the banker, J. J. Chauviteau; in fact he had even read me their agreement. After the fire and bankruptcy, breakdown and departure of De Gaulne no papers were found indicating any such agreement. This seemed a little strange as these two men had been living together. After the fire J. J. Chauviteau had all De Gaulne's papers in his own possession, and had liquidated his affairs to suit himself.

So it seems as if, after the catastrophe, Chauviteau cleared himself, legally or illegally, to the detriment of outside creditors. Then, like so many others who are wiped out by fire — bankers, businessmen, and consignees — he went through bankruptcy. This was a simple and easy way out of this dilemma, of conserving his resources, and of keeping intact a strong-box full of papers and mortgages.

³¹ L. B. Edwards was master of the schooner *Sierra Nevada*.

³² On Pacific Street; C. O. Stiles proprietor.

Out here the legal end of bankruptcy is easily accomplished. The case simply comes up before a judge, together with two witnesses, who swear that the books have been regularly kept and that the client is unable to fulfill his obligations. A decree of insolvency is then given and all liabilities are wiped off the books of the creditors, credit has been renewed, and business can then proceed as usual. A fresh stock is put in and new creditors found without difficulty. A bright man should be able to amass a fortune by three opportune bankruptcies; he is *declassé* in the business world if he does not attain this goal. There is nothing odd about this, for in every country laws are merely a reflection of the men who enact them and represent the virtues, vices, manners, and customs of the country — though there may be a few exceptions to this general rule.

While I was away at the mines the consul Mr. Guy, who was not a big enough man for the position, was replaced to good advantage by Mr. Patrick Dillon, originally from England, but a naturalized French citizen. He got his start in 1836 as an employe in the bureau of the Minister of the Interior, allying himself with the Guizot family. Later he obtained a consular post in England and has just recently been promoted to the post he is now occupying — an enviable one considering its political importance, the responsibilities attached to it, and its perquisites, amounting to about ten thousand francs yearly. Let us hope this new appointee will be able to meet the many demands made on him in San Francisco.

Mr. Dillon is a scholar; he collaborated with Mr. Guizot in several of his historical treatises published in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. He speaks French correctly and fluently, as well as Spanish and English. He is energetic, accommodating, generous, hospitable, and sensible. The French call him — referring to his usual manner — “*collet-monte*,” the English, “a man of dignity.” He is extremely generous, so much so in fact, that he is often imposed upon. He is an excellent man for the French consulate.

After I got in, the first visit I made was to the Consulate. Mr. Dillon received me affably even though he did not know me, and his head clerk gave me all the information I was after.

About this same time I learned that my friends and pleasant acquaintances, Count Ernest and Count Elior de Grivel of Perrigny and Lamyre, were in San Francisco. Let me add a word about these new actors in the comedy France is playing out here on the edge of the Pacific. Elior is forty-five; he was graduated from St. Cyr in 1830, being commissioned as an officer.

Temperamentally he is energetic, full of spirits, adventurous, and

a great plunger. He is also very independent, rather caustic, and not fond of family life, which proved too monotonous for his liking and made him decide to travel.

His father, who was general in command of the National Guard at Jura in 1815, being captured during the retreat of Marshal Ney in the Hundred Days, acceded to his desire, giving him ten thousand francs and his blessing, as well as wishing him good health, success, and a safe voyage.

He got off at Buenos Aires, and for nine years led the life of a *ranchero*, being always on his horse and out on the pampas under the hot sun like a nomadic hunter. He made a living buying and selling sheep and half-wild steers. His father having died and his mother, née du Guy, having fallen ill with an incurable disease, he returned home unexpectedly on the eve of the marriage of his sister Claudia to my cousin Laurent Marie de Houx, a glass-manufacturer, of La Rocherre. I was at their nuptials which took place at Dôle. It was there I met Count Elior.

Under these same circumstances I also came to know Count Grivel of Lamyre, and his charming daughter Maria, the father and sister of Ernest, who was quite young at the time, but who is now about twenty. He is the companion and associate of his cousin and guardian Elior in San Francisco.

This news gave me unspeakable pleasure as I was starting out to-day, for I felt quite a stranger in this cosmopolitan city teeming with so much activity. These two cousins have sent out a shipment of wines and brandies bought at Bordeaux which they have disposed of at a profit.

Part of the proceeds have been invested in promoting the Hotel des Deux Mondes. This hostelry is run by a Francomtois. Ernest is living there watching and keeping a check on his interests, as well as those of Elior, to the best of his ability. The latter who does not like hotel life has rented an hectare of land at Mission Dolores where he has a little house and intends to do some gardening.

To assist him in this venture he has a devoted servant, who is more like a friend, named Celestin, an ex-cuirassier, a substantial, jolly old companion. He hired a substitute to get Celestin out of military duty and also paid his passage here in return for his services during his stay in California. Celestin is intelligent, active, honest and sober — qualities rare everywhere, and particularly out in this country. So Elior did both a good deed and a good stroke of business.

Upon his advice I decided to leave the Marine Hotel, which is really mainly a gambling-house, a *café-chantant*, and a cheap eating

place or even worse, the rendezvous of a strange world of idlers among whom I felt out of place, and I am going over to make my home at the Hotel des Deux Mondes. There I shall be known to the proprietors, have a chance to meet business men, importing agents, and ship captains whose acquaintance might prove valuable.

The establishment is a second-class hotel, but properly and capably managed. The rates are not exorbitant for this country. In fact I can get board and room there for fifteen francs a day. If I can find some brokerage business to do in my spare time, while waiting for my goods to get in from France, I can see my way clear for a whole month, which is equivalent to two years in Europe with the way events constantly change out here.

In going through the city I can not find any traces of fire except that homes have been rebuilt somewhat better than before and in greater numbers. Those of stone and brick, unfortunately, are scarce, the majority being built of wood, or in exceptional instances of sheet-iron, or zinc. The whole effect is of a vast wood-pile newly built which needs only a careless match to flame up again more magnificently than before.

The French concerns which were so prosperous and active when I left here four months ago — [Leopold] Bossange and Colliard, [Aimé] Hugues and [F. L. A.] Pioche, Mullot and Callot, and [J. J.] Chauviteau — are now in bankruptcy, and their once-proud representatives are now humbly bowing down before any ragged miner who might have a million dollars in his belt. Thus do the scales turn — a thing not always sufficiently considered when times are prosperous. But the French commercial houses will no doubt recover.

However, what many Frenchmen have not the vision to see is keen competition from Americans, English, Germans, and Jews from all over Europe who are pouring into this country. For the time being this situation is not taken seriously. When it becomes really dangerous it will be met, unless it crushes us before we know it.

From time to time I hear bits of news about the scattered passengers of the *Cérés*. Adolphe de Finance, who is in the mines south of here, has been seriously ill, and because of his scanty resources, his depleted energy, and lack of initiative, has suffered greatly.

The haughty secretary of Montalivet, who looked down on all the passengers who were his messmates on board, has had to climb down all the rungs of the social ladder and to keep body and soul alive he has even had to work as baker's boy and be under a brutal and gross person who was always cross and thrashed him occasionally.

What a come-down for my friend Theologne! What a tragedy for

a man who was once one of the social lights of a minister's salon, a man of intelligence, education and merit, well-born, and highly connected, to have fallen so low! Fate plays strange tricks on us. Should Theologne ever write his memoirs this chapter of his life should make interesting reading, providing he does not pass over in silence this chapter of his life in California. Through the influence of friends and relatives in France he can get passage-money to take him back to Europe. That is exactly what he should do. He will lose his mind out here and die of hunger, misery, and loneliness.

I spent part of to-day watching some auction sales. Anything and everything is sold in amounts ranging from five to ten thousand dollars. In this way I get in touch with the current prices of all commodities and also learn commercial phraseology. When the opportunity arises to purchase small quantities of sugar, coffee, tea, etc., at rock-bottom prices I buy to the limit of my available capital and sell to someone who has no time to buy his own provisions.

As I have no store and carry no perishable goods I can sell below the local retail price and realize about twenty dollars a week profit. There is no regularity or certainty about the game, however, and as the brokerage business is not to my liking I am adopting it only as a temporary measure.

On August twentieth I met Doctor Briot coming back from the mines. His affairs have not gone ahead any faster than mine. He has been away inspecting all the placers on the Mariposa and the Yuba — both north and south — but rather as an amateur out looking for information than as a miner expecting to make his fortune. As he made some little profit out of his d'Arbois wine and champagne, he has been able to indulge his fondness for travel without worrying over the future and has not experienced any such difficulties as I met on the road.

The placers that are known, frequented, and well-supplied with provisions always offer to the man with a fat pocket-book comparative comfort. But this good doctor, who is a born physician, when he might be conserving his capital, feels he must see the world. He has his diploma and his medical knowledge to fall back on — resources which I lack.

He has not yet found what he wants to do; he does not care to practice medicine — the one thing at which he can succeed, to my way of thinking. He is willing to try everything else first, and only use it as a last resort. He is firmly fixed in this idea. As he is stubborn and obstinate it is useless for me to try to dissuade him. So I salve my conscience by giving him advice, for I am convinced that, in the course of time, events will justify my attitude.

Two days later I ran across my cousin Alexandre Veron who was just back from the Klamath and the Trinity. He told me Pidaucet had gone with him as far as Trinity Bay, taken his belongings out of the tent, and left for Big Bar. Their prospecting trip had been a complete failure, so it seems. Why did they not wait for me to get back from the Salmon River where there were plenty of claims and gold enough for everyone?

Veron is now living with De France who has the knack of lodging gratuitously. Veron is boarding him by way of payment. And so this dual ménage houses a fool as well as a rascal, Veron playing the former rôle. He told me about some negotiations he has just completed with Mr. De Lamolère who is also living with De France and who completes this trio of men of affairs, a trio unique in this corner of the globe.

De Lamolère had a chance to acquire one square league on an unfavorable basis from a Californian *ranchero*. The conditions were that he was to cultivate it and share profits for a certain number of years, in return for half-ownership. At first blush this seems like a handsome offer, but labor — which is scarce — must be supplied, as well as several thousand dollars for supplies and live-stock. De Lamolère, moreover, has no money.

So far as I know Veron ought to have about four hundred dollars. I made this observation to him, but as usual, he showed very little judgment in letting it get away from him, having given it, as well as power-of-attorney to some stranger to represent him when our goods arrived in port. It is impossible to stop a man from drowning if his mind is made up to it. Such is the status of my cousin, Alexandre Veron, who does not seem to be in his right mind.

None of the miners has had as bad luck as my companions and I. A chap called Parisot from Quiers in Sûre (Upper Saône), a passenger on the *Cérès* who was once tutor to young Boyon of St. Hippolyte (Doubs) found, after three months' prospecting, four thousand dollars in less than a month on the Mariposa. His friend, a man named, Gerard, a brewer from St. Hippolyte, got over five thousand dollars. All this was taken out of one diggings. A miner working near them had no luck at all. So you see it is all a lottery.

Parisot has now gone back to France. I sent a letter by him to Passavant with a little nugget — the only one I found — together with my note-book in which, for over a year, I had been jotting down notes of my travels. It had an accidental bath in the Trinity, thanks to the carelessness of Cousin Veron. In consequence some few passages are blurred. These are the only remaining relics of this time of trials and tribulations.

The Francomtois over here become readily acclimated. Three of the best hotels and cafés in San Francisco are financed and run by them. The Baltimore Hotel is managed by Louis Burtthey of St. Loup, district of the Sûre. He is known as "Baltimore" because he cooked there before coming to California. He had a splendid American clientele, but was burned out in May. By securing a mortgage-loan at ten per cent. a month he was able to rebuild.

The Hotel Mondelet is run by a man from Luxeuil by the same name. He and his wife worked for a time in Chile where they owned a dyeing and cleaning establishment. As soon as gold was found in California he realized what a future the country was going to have and was one of the first to reach California. He brought a shipment of flour which quadrupled their capital.

Buying some land on Dupont Street he built a hotel and started out in business. This was burned down in May, but rebuilt. After getting it in running order he sold it, reserving the ground, which he then rented to the new proprietor for five thousand dollars a year. A short time ago they returned to France there to enjoy their profits and live in luxury among their old friends and acquaintances, not to mention the creditors they left behind them when they came away. But who can say how long it will last for, at any time, a fire might wipe out their entire holdings.

The third establishment of this same type is the Hotel des Deux Mondes, where I am now living. It belongs to Messrs. Grivel, of Jura. Among the guests here at this hotel two have particularly impressed me. The first, a young blond who appears to be twenty-one or twenty-two years old, is a handsome, well-mannered, though somewhat effeminate fellow. He speaks French and English correctly although he has not had a good education.

Fond of the dice, a good meal, and the fair sex, inclined to be a swindler and a parasite, he has some mysterious business or position that keeps him occupied and brings in a few dollars for pocket-money. I presume funds are supplied by his family who have shipped him out to California to acquire experience and to learn how to get on in the world. His father having been French consul at Boston, Mr. Dillon, our local consul, takes a personal interest in him.

His grandfather, Maximir Isnard was quite a noted Frenchman. He was a member of the legislative assembly and President of the Convention during the First Republic. Later he went over from the camp of the democrats to the ranks of the Girondists. Shortly after he was taken prisoner. Returning to the Convention in October, 1793, he was made one of the Party of Five Hundred. At the time of the

Restoration and First Empire he withdrew to private life, dying, in 1830, in obscurity.

The grandson of the man whom I have just sketched is Joseph Isnard. I may possibly speak of him later when I have more time and enough patience to tell you everything I have seen, heard and learned in this surprising country where virtues, vices, faults, and good qualities exist only in so far as there is any interest taken in them. In the confusion that exists out here a man does not appear to the best advantage. There is practically no family life. Such things as honor and consideration are mythical qualities, for everyone bows before the pot of gold. Joseph Isnard has a brother at the mines whom he never sees and never mentions. I cannot say which one has just cause for evading or disliking the other.

The second person at the *Hotel des Deux Mondes* with whom I came in contact and whom I liked much more is Doctor Clergeon, an affable, obliging, generous, and always elegantly clad man who always looks as if he were about to call on some aristocrat. He lives lavishly and seems to have plenty of money. He is very quiet about his family connections, how he got his start in the world, and why he came out here. This is about all I have been able to gather from the few talks I have had with him. In turn he questioned me fully about my own affairs and, having nothing to conceal, I answered him freely.

About certain phases of his own life he is curiously reticent — something I am unable to account for. I cannot find out whether he is a bachelor, a married man, a widower, a health-officer, or a pharmacist. He has never mentioned the names of any of his relatives except that of Mr. Bertrand, Senior, a lawyer, living at 219 Rue St. Martin, on the outskirts of Paris, who married his sister about ten years ago.

Unwilling or incapable of practising medicine or being a wholesale druggist, three years ago through personal choice, ambition, or perhaps for some political reason, he wound up his affairs, left for China, and located at Hong Kong as a physician. There, becoming addicted to the use of opium, which is in common use, he put a severe strain on the contents of his purse, first on a small, then on a large scale. This threatened to wreck his medical career, but he still had a capital of fifty or sixty thousand dollars when word of the marvellous discoveries of gold reached China.

Everyone was greatly excited and crowds began to leave China. Among others Clergeon joined the general exodus, spending part of his capital on the following purchases: three wooden houses ready to construct and with furniture to put in them, rice, sugar, medical supplies, and some miscellaneous things — among them birds' nests.

He hoped, within a year, to triple his fortune and return to France, a millionaire. Thinking, as did so many other merchants at that time, that gold was not necessary in that land of gold, he put nearly all his capital into merchandise. Then when he got into San Francisco and needed money to pay the freight, the customs, and rental on a store where he could display his wares, as well as to buy land on which to erect his houses, he found himself in a tight place.

Like so many of us poor unfortunates he had to put his affairs in the greedy hands of an agent, Mr. Salmon, who is half-French, and half-American, and a native of Mirecourt (Vosges). Had the doctor arrived several days or weeks after the May fire, goods, houses, furniture, and everything could have been promptly sold at a good profit. But as he did not get in until early in August—nearly two months after a flood of goods had come in—commercial San Francisco had been rebuilt.

By this time the stores were again full, and no one was interested in buying a house in the suburbs, as the city was given over mainly to money-making and family life was not considered important. His situation was precarious and although he has been in California a year now he is not yet out of the woods.

The Doctor, however, did not lose everything, and if he can save half he will be quite satisfied. Having expected to lose everything he had he is taking it philosophically. Would he be as cool were he in my position?

The outlook here is far from satisfactory. Transactions that appear perfectly safe often present so many unexpected pitfalls that I never feel safe about anything.

The month of August was spent in trying to sell, but without success, what goods we had in the customs while waiting for a second shipment that was slow in arriving. In the interim, through my brokerage business, I was able to meet my daily expenses.

Impatient over the delay I finally suggested to Doctor Briot that as nothing better had turned up, we might take a trip south of San Francisco where a number of large *ranchos* belonging to old Spanish-Californian families are located. These families being too indolent to cultivate the ground, merely use their many square leagues of fertile land for pasturage.

If on this trip we find a *ranchero* who is willing to lease us a section of his land, together with some live stock, on terms advantageous to both parties, we may decide to pitch our tents there, cultivate the land, and at the end of a certain length of time become half-owners in the land we have worked.

PART VI

To my friends: Doctor Briot, my sympathetic fellow-traveller, Count Elior de Perrigny, and his young cousin, Count Ernest de Grivel of Lamyre, whose devotion and affection have never failed during my darkest hours and for whom I shall always cherish the warmest affection.

[SAN JOSÉ AND SANTA CRUZ]

On Sunday, September 7, 1850, at eight in the morning Doctor Briot and I, like Jerome Paturot starting off on a search for fame, engaged passage on a little skiff of twelve or fifteen tons, which was bound for the port of the little village of San José. San José is situated at the southernmost extremity of the Bay of San Francisco — in other words about twenty leagues from our point of departure.

From this inhospitable land
We set sail
Without saying *au revoir*,
So black looked the future!
Come what may we are off
With a light breeze,
Out of funds,
And almost without hope.

The name of our ship is the *Wave*. The owner, proprietor, and skipper are all combined in one lone man, the Captain. The crew is composed of one cabin-boy. These, together with two paying passengers, are all we have on board. But they are quite enough, for this tiny boat is so loaded down with freight that it is impossible to move about. So we must adapt ourselves to circumstances and be resigned, during the crossing, to remain standing, sitting, or lying down, uncomfortable as it is.

Luckily the trip will be short. The weather is perfect and the wind favorable without being brisk enough to upset our skiff which might readily capsize with a stiff breeze blowing. At this time of year, however, we have nothing to fear except being becalmed when the breeze dies down about four in the afternoon.

We sailed down the bay without discomfort or mishap. Off toward the north San Francisco receded gradually into the distance. West of us stretched the peninsula, with its chain of mountains that fringe the Pacific. On the east were the low-lying hills with the plains stretching out at their feet and dotted with a few ranches, and the Mission San José, which though now in ruins has been recently exploited as a watering-place, since it is the site of some excellent hot springs.

After seven long hours we got off at the port of San José. Here we found an embryo village that had been laid out on the marshy, unhealthful lowlands.³³ From there it was about three leagues to San José, our destination. The trip could be made either on foot, horse-back, or in a carriage.

As we had very little money, plenty of provisions, and excellent legs, we decided to use the latter, and so, talking merrily, we started walking. The doctor carried his pack slung from a hook, a convenient if not an elegant method; I carried mine over my shoulder, miner-fashion. Anyone meeting us would probably have taken me for one of the lower classes and the doctor for a day laborer; but in this part of the country few distinctions are made and any made are usually in favor of the laborer.

Garbed in this fashion and with these loads — each of us was carrying a bundle weighing from fifteen to twenty kilograms, containing utensils, provisions, and blankets — we crossed the long expanse of plain which was broken, here and there, by lagoons of brackish water that forced us to make constant detours.

On every side stalks of wild mustard grew to a height of two meters; they looked like magnificent rape seed ripe for harvesting. A fire, however, could destroy them in a moment. At this season of the year the road is easy to travel, but during the rainy season, from November to April, it becomes impassable even for pedestrians. This may be what has kept settlers from locating in this remarkably fertile country.

A good dike, a canal, and a railway terminal and station at San José would change the entire appearance of this plain, now so rich and so deserted. Off in the distance where the land is a little higher some old ranches lying about a league apart were discernible. They seemed to be under cultivation and devoted to fruit-raising.

The nearer we approached to San José, the modest capital, the more truck-gardening we found. On the outskirts it covers most of the ground surrounding the village. By supplying the local trade and San Francisco, truck-gardeners reap good profits in view of the fabulous prices of all fresh vegetables. These are the usual prices: potatoes, twelve cents a pound; a good cabbage, four francs; radishes, twelve cents; a melon, one dollar. Everything else is in proportion.

Under such conditions the rôle of gardener seems a roseate one. We purchased some land here last March for one hundred and eighty francs, and all we now need to do is take possession, but unfortunately this is not feasible as it has not as yet been properly surveyed.

³³ Alviso townsite, surveyed in 1849-50 by C. S. Lyman.

At six that evening we entered the capital of California. The United States makes a habit of choosing for its capital a village with no commercial future and which, if it did not have this title, would have difficulty in attracting a population.

San José is located on the plains. A few picturesque wooden houses dot the outskirts. Some adobe houses, owned by the Californians, are lost in a jumble of wooden shacks and tents. A large street of generous proportions bisects the village. This is the main thoroughfare and here the public buildings are established.

In the daytime this street is nearly deserted, but when night comes it fairly teems with activity. A motley population swarms through the street — a population largely of Mexicans, Chileans, Peruvians, Indians, and Californians. Concessions and amusements, gambling, and noisy merry-making are found everywhere. *Café-chantants* and gambling-houses, however, are the chief attractions.

The Spanish-Americans are fond of dancing, and music furnished by the mandolin and guitar is always in evidence. The whole place is thus kept in an uproar and everyone appears to be either angry or drunk. This lasts until midnight; it is enlivened by a few fights and frays. Then the public lights are gradually extinguished, the orchestra stops, and the crowd reluctantly disperses to its tents, lofts, and huts, while others, without shelter, lie down and sleep in the open wrapped in a blanket or *serape*. Some few, more vicious or energetic than the rest, spend the remaining hours of the night in the gambling houses.

Among the latter I saw about fifty men from Sonora who are on their way from the placers to their own country. This group of lively and happy miners, who are strong, heavy-set, rugged, brown and weather-beaten, are inveterate gamblers and absolutely lawless.

They are said to have collected a considerable quantity of dust and gold-nuggets which they are spending recklessly at roulette, monte, and thirty and forty, with high stakes, like knaves of the lowest order. Many of their number have lost their stakes and have left San José. I longed for some painter to watch this street-carnival with me, and transmit it to canvas for the benefit of posterity. To-morrow and the day after this it will begin all over again — this hideous fête of gold, vice, and vermin.

Among these men, types as odd as any I have ever seen, I ran across one of my fellow-countrymen, Dechanet, who once owned a small shop in Langres. He is just the same as he always was. He has been here about four or five months painting buildings, and while he has had good days yet as a general thing work has been slack. He conceived the excellent plan of making friends with the village priest who gave

him a small plot of land near the church. On this he has built a shanty that serves as headquarters for his work. He boards at the hotel for sixteen dollars a week — a sum equivalent to three days' earnings.

I located him in a gambling house watching the roulette wheel and absorbed in the prospect of imaginary gains and future fortune. After breaking into this agreeable reverie I wished him good evening and good luck. He looked frightened when he saw me, as frightened as if he had seen a ghost, his superior officer, or Medusa's head — that uncomfortable feeling that an unexpected creditor, however unimportant, always creates when he surprises the debtor at an inopportune moment. So I hastened to relieve his mind by telling him that when it was convenient he could reimburse me for all or part of the twenty-four dollars he owed me — for which I would be deeply grateful. Poor chaps like myself have to be accommodating.

Dechanet promised to remember it and reimburse me in a few weeks. He also confirmed the rumor that Father Doubet, our other creditor, was living in retirement at Santa Cruz. He said, too, that the road leading across the coastal range was difficult and dangerous to travel as it was infested with bears, wolves, and jackals. From him we learned that it would take fully two days to get there.

Such warnings failed to intimidate the doctor and me who are by this time seasoned travellers. Moreover, our route will take us past several *ranchos*, and our plan is to stop and visit them. Dechanet promised to get us some information about ranches before we got back in case we did not find anything that suited us in the locality.

Our departure is set for to-morrow. The doctor did not find his friend Jourdain in when he called. Jourdain is an old resident of California. He came to San José long ago and established the first hotel in the village. Had we seen him he might have given us some assistance in the way of good advice.

After leaving Dechanet to enjoy himself without further interruption we spent the night under the roof of the Jourdain Hotel. Fatigued from our trip and our evening and with our ears still ringing from the noise of the village and gambling houses we slept fitfully, our dreams interrupted.

As yet California has not been admitted to statehood in the American Union and so has no proper constitution. It is ruled as a territory, having been annexed under laws passed by the supreme authorities at Washington, who appoint all the highest officials as well as the municipal officers whose powers are very extensive here in the United States.

The governor, Peter Burnett, lives in San José. As the courts and federal authorities are likewise located here all this gives the village a

certain amount of life and social activity. The population is estimated at some three thousand inhabitants. In addition to this number there is a large floating population living in tents who are going to or returning from the mines.

Spanish is the language commonly used. The proportion of women here is much larger than in San Francisco; Mexicans, Californians, and Indians predominate. Two Frenchwomen operate *cafés-chantants*—Madame Martin, and *La Reine des Fleurs* (a nickname which is far from suitable). Both are noted for their avoirdupois and their independence, and are on the high road to financial independence if they do not dissipate what they have earned and saved.

On Sunday, September 8, 1850, the doctor and I departed shortly after dinner. This date brought back memories of Passavant and its fêtes which, for over fourteen years, were so merrily celebrated by our relatives and friends with festivals, songs, dancing, and happiness. Everyone was always gay, jolly, and full of spirits on those memorable occasions. Year after year this same large celebration was held at the homes of various neighbors, although we had other smaller gatherings in the intervals.

The last year this fête was held I was on the *Cérès* in mid-ocean. To-day I am tramping, pack on back, across plains and over the mountains in America with no definite goal in view and without being able to see even in the far distance what I am struggling for with every ounce of physical force and moral energy I have left in me.

I feel just as if I were continuing in the nineteenth century the traditions embodied in the legend of the Wandering Jew, with the single exception of his invincible five sons. And how is this fête-day being passed in Passavant in this present year of bad grace, 1850? Sadly, I imagine.

All the news you have had from me has been far from encouraging or reassuring regarding my future. To lose courage, however, is the worst thing that can happen to any of us. But my head and heart are both heavy with memories of the past. This introspection, however, is broken into by talks on various practical subjects with my comrade in misfortune as we follow the dusty road leading to Santa Cruz, a road that leads across barren plains, dusty, sun-beaten, and arid even in the early autumn.

Here and there we come across a *rancho*, or pass a small house by way of breaking the monotony of our journey. Usually these have a gardener living in them—a Frenchman, Spaniard, or perhaps a German. To my amazement I saw emerge from behind the hedge of one of these gardens an aged Indian who was small, ugly, decrepit, and armed with a bow, arrow, and quiver.

To amuse himself he shot at some ravens while we looked on, but he missed most of them. We did not expect to meet such a wild looking savage around here near a village and in a fairly well settled and civilized community. He mumbled a few words of Spanish and I finally managed to understand that he had come down from the placers where a miner had taken him for his servant. He sold us a melon; I wonder if he gave the money to his master.

After three hours' walking we reached the western edge of the plain. Ahead of us loomed a chain of mountains — the coastal range — which lay between us and the Pacific. These run parallel to the coast from north to south. At the foot of the lower slopes, which are covered with magnificent forests and command an extensive view over the vast plains we had just crossed, stood Rancho Hippolyte, so-called because a Frenchman by this name had married the daughter of the proprietor, an old Californian.

It was a fine property, being picturesquely situated and traversed by a little river. This Frenchman, with his wife and family, is one on whom fate has lavished her favors. Men are not all equally favored — despite revolutionary maxims.

In the hope of meeting the owner, a fellow-countryman from whom we might acquire some useful information, we went to the door, gave our names, and disclosed the object of our visit. Unfortunately the owners were absent and we met only the feminine head of the household, an attractive young matron, and some pretty little girls.

Under ordinary circumstances we might have had a pleasant visit, but luck was not with us. They could not speak French, and we understood only a few words of Spanish. This made it impossible to carry on a conversation which might have given us a chance to pay a few compliments — which always please the ladies. Deprived of this privilege I had no recourse but to study their ways and carefully observe the setting and the characters of those before us.

As we had entered unexpectedly we found the entire family at dinner. This consisted of a bowl of beans (*frijoles*), meat, *tortillas* — a kind of dried pancake used in place of bread — and for dessert, a watermelon. Everything was placed on the floor right in the middle of the kitchen. Everyone had already sat down but they did not invite the unexpected guests to share their repast. Hospitality, apparently, has not penetrated to this remote spot as yet. Nevertheless, in all fairness to these occupants I must say that they offered us a glass of water — and two watermelons which we paid for.

After resting half an hour, highly edified with the hospitality we had received and properly grateful for being allowed the shelter of their

roofs, the water from their pitchers, and chairs to sit on, we took our departure. Shaking the dust from our shoes as we crossed their threshold we gaily started off laughing over this amusing little episode as we followed the winding path through the forest. Now and again we looked back across the vast stretches of uncultivated lands now lying idle, fields which are capable of feeding four times the present population of California.

For two hours more we climbed through the woods. Then suddenly we came out into a little valley. Here some Americans — possibly its first occupants — were living. They had built a sawmill near a little waterway which, in the rainy season, is strong enough to furnish power to saw the wood that is cut down during the summer months. The plant had been temporarily shut down, but within a radius of two kilometers the ground was littered with fallen logs and with millions of feet of redwood waiting to be sawed.⁸⁴

On we walked for another hour until the sun began to set. This was the hour when the wild quail, which are thick in these woods, run across the paths and open spaces looking for food before going to rest for the night. The doctor was lucky enough to kill four with his gun.

At this particular season the birds run in groups of twelve to fifteen. As they are seldom hunted they are not wild and will let anyone approach within twenty-five or thirty feet if they are not frightened. But at the first suspicious noise this interesting and coquettish family rises in flight and takes refuge in the nearest tree, usually a live oak, where it remains perfectly quiet. There, believing themselves safe the birds do not move. Not even a shot will dislodge them, and, in consequence, a great many shots are necessary to bring down many victims.

For this reason the hunter who is not successful at the first shot usually does not fire again at the same group; it is wiser to try another place. This same instinct of self-preservation is found among the wood-hens of Eastern France which use exactly these same manœuvres in evading the shots of the hunters. In other respects, too, these shy, modest birds, with their quiet plumage could readily become acclimated in the south of France.

At sundown we camped near a small bubbling brook at a place where two streams forked. Here a bridge of trees had been thrown over, probably in behalf of the sawmill. If I mention this bridge, it is because it is the first one I have come to in the forests of California

⁸⁴ The first lumbering in California was carried on in the redwoods of the Santa Cruz Mountains. Isaac Graham established his sawmill on Zavante Creek in 1842. Bavard Taylor says he had five mills in 1849, but of this I have no confirmation,—*Ed.*

capable of supporting a team or a man on horseback — and I have crossed as many as twenty in a single day, when returning from the Klamath, that were so weak that a brave as well as a cool head was necessary to venture out on them.

While sitting around a blazing camp-fire after our long tiresome tramp the doctor and I celebrated the fête of Ormoy, where his mother and brother live, and that of Passavant, my old home, some twenty-five hundred leagues away, for both happened to fall on the same day.

Our celebration was not so poor as you might imagine. We had four roasted birds and a bit of cold veal for the first course, and our appetites, not having been appeased at Rancho Hippolyte, were excellent. This was accompanied by brandy and cold, clear water from the brook.

After this repast, as balls are no longer suitable for men of our age, we amused ourselves by listening to a vocal concert. This was given by birds of every kind and description who sang soprano while the bass and alto were supplied by neighborly bears. By keeping our fire blazing all night long we kept the latter at a safe distance. They were as reluctant as we were to get more intimately acquainted. This was the way we passed the end of a hard day, one of the most trying days I have had in California.

To walk in the fresh air all day, even though with an interesting companion, and to live close to nature where the unexpected is always happening are not conducive to comfort if one is hungry, thirsty, or out of work. But on the other hand such a life brings strength and health and is an excellent antidote for past regrets and anxiety over the problems of the future.

On September 9, 1850, I got up quite early, but as the doctor had not slept well during the night he could not be roused in the morning. At eight, however, after a light repast we broke camp. After climbing for over two hours in an effort to reach the summit we then followed along the crest for another four hours. Below, sloping off both toward the east and west lay the immense plains covered with patches of wild oats that grow to be forty and even fifty centimeters high. This dry stubble of clear yellow stood out in vivid contrast to the forests of green pines and oaks rising behind them.

We observed, along the way, the tracks of two bears — our friends of last evening — and traces of a few deer. What a superb country this is for amateur sportsmen!

At one o'clock, hunger, thirst, a convenient brook, and a shady spot lured us to stop and eat a modest lunch. Two hours later, rested and refreshed, we started briskly on our way once more. The trail we were

taking was not as poor as we had anticipated, especially after what we had experienced along the Trinity and Salmon rivers.

Toward four o'clock we passed a fine old *rancho* which we might have leased, had we been able to find the owner, as it was for rent. But it will probably still be on the market to-morrow, or the day after. I understand the terms are very favorable and that the proprietor is extremely anxious to find a tenant. The property consists of one square league of land, a house, some fenced-in pasturage, and three hundred head of cattle. It is to be rented on the basis of share for share. It is situated about two leagues from Santa Cruz.

As it was then nearly evening and the day had been trying we went to an American hotel. There, for one dollar, we got enough food to keep us from starvation. We slept that night out in a granary on some hard boards.

The old Mission built by the Franciscans at Santa Cruz is no longer standing. At one time, however, it was an extensive establishment and under the paternal directions of the fathers owned vast herds of sheep and cattle. To-day the church is in ruins. Only the nave, dilapidated both outside and in, is still standing; it is still used for holding services. The tower has fallen, and the bells, fastened to a few crude beams, are lying in the debris.

The priests' quarters are composed of two main buildings made of adobe, or clay, which are also disintegrating and would have to be repaired to be habitable. The deserted huts of the Indians, who left the Mission to resume their nomadic life when they were given their freedom at the time of the expulsion of the fathers, are falling to pieces. The lands are lying idle and the herds have been destroyed or lost.

The destruction has been so complete that unless California had been taken over by the United States this country in another fifty years under Spanish rule would have been turned into a desert. But the Yankees with their energy, their activity, and their ability to turn their energy to practical account will soon change the entire aspect of the country.

The nucleus of a village has already been laid out at Santa Cruz, and several wooden houses have been erected. This section of the country, moreover, has rich soil, abundant forests, and a small port suitable for shipping out what the country produces.

It is not sufficient for a people to resolve to throw off the domination of a country and a ruler that are antagonistic, for to preserve them from utter ruin, there must be some one in authority. Nor is it wise to jump from the frying pan into the fire. This is what the Mexicans overlooked when they achieved independence.

After stupidly ostracizing the Franciscans, confiscating the Missions, and letting personal interests take precedence over religion, the government through intrigues tried to foster the same prosperity that had existed before the destruction of these budding colonies which represented half a century of persevering and intelligent labor. All they succeeded in doing was to replace with desert wastes these productive Missions.

A series of revolutions further weakened the government and split the country into factions to such an extent that the Mexicans were powerless to check the American conquest. From the day when the Yankees won out and California became a part of the United States a new era dawned for this country which, at the present writing, is rich and almost virgin territory. Those who had confiscated the Missions, however, soon had to suffer all the anguish of retaliation—their new properties were taken over, in turn, by their lords and masters the Yankees.

The town of Santa Cruz is spread out on a large tableland that commands a view of the harbor. Its population is estimated at between five and six hundred residents. Half of these are Mexicans and Californians, one-fourth Americans, and the rest Indians, Jews, and foreigners. There are only a few Frenchmen among their number.

Though the governing of the town still centers in the *alcalde*, whose title and functions are purely Mexican, the control will soon pass over into the hands of three authorities, the judge, sheriff, and mayor. The most important influential person in the village, after the *alcalde*, is a Franciscan father, curé of Santa Cruz, who is quite unpopular.

This father, though he has taken the vows of poverty, is avaricious and reputed to be very wealthy. He accepts money, gifts, and alms, and under the name of a lay-brother owns a ranch near here which is valued—though perhaps this figure is inflated—at a million piasters.

Inasmuch as I had decided to try to find Brother Doubet and straighten out my affairs with him, the day after we got in—September 10, 1850—the doctor and I went to call on the curé. As we did not know what kind of a reception we might get, to break the ice a little we brought along ten ducks we had shot the night before on the roadside.

In all civilized countries two strangers who presented themselves under such auspicious circumstances with the manner, if not the clothes, of gentlemen, would be hospitably welcomed with at least an outward appearance of cordiality. With this expectation we walked over to the presbytery.

Ushered in through the kitchen, in passing through we noticed many

women and children. I could not understand why so many women were necessary to wait on a single man who rarely sees anyone or has any company, nor what all these children were doing here in the home of an old and ugly monk who is supposed never to look at a woman—although he may not be above temptation.

To punish, no doubt, my wicked and uncharitable thoughts which I concealed under a most circumspect manner, a most unforeseen dilemma arose. Upon entering we had spoken to one of the most intelligent looking women—most of whom were half-breeds—and asked to see the curé. As he could not receive us immediately we offered the delicate and plump birds to her for His Reverence's supper.

We then inquired for Abbé Doubet who acts as a kind of under-study to the curé, doing all his chores, saying mass, receiving visitors, answering the mail, confessing, baptizing, marrying, and visiting the sick and needy. For thus lightening the burdens of his superior he is given, by way of compensation, wretched food and lodging. What extras he gets are bestowed through the charity of some devout members of his parish who take pity on him, or through the kindness of the American Protestants—although the latter are supposed to place material interests above religious fervor.

If mass were not sung at the Catholic church at Santa Cruz on Sunday, the *rancheros*, and their families would not come to town; they would go somewhere else, or stay at home. When mass is held they usually attend, spend the day, and lavish money in the neighborhood, either in the gambling houses, stores, or cafés. For this diversion they donate as much as they do to the church. Frequently they have an extra mass held for them accompanied, often, by a group of Indians playing violins, or with simple religious music.

The Americans are practical if they are not orthodox. A burial without any pretense at luxury and with only the barest essentials costs nearly one hundred dollars out here.

Finally I found Abbé Doubet. He has a very pious manner. Without waiting for me to present my claim he told me that for the present it was impossible for him to pay me. Then he told me his tale of woe, how he had been duped, it seems, by a sharper with whom he had gone into partnership and who took everything he had.

I am at a loss to know why he went into business. All I do know is that the Bishop of San Francisco heard of the disgraceful position he was in and that all his explanations did not clear him in the eyes of his superiors. By way of punishment he was sentenced to a year of hard labor at Santa Cruz.

I believe, however, that his year will soon be over for he told me

he expected to leave shortly for San Francisco. He has assured me that when he gets there he will secure funds and pay me. With this promise we left the poor, pitiful Abbé Doubet, who is probably the unfortunate victim of his own zealousness rather than a rascal, despite the mystery that enshrouds the past, present, and the future of this gentle, strange being who seems abandoned both by God and man.

In leaving this inhospitable presbytery—we had not even been offered a glass of water—as our purses were empty and our stomachs hollow, we were sorry we had given our ducks away for they would have made us two good dinners. Instead, we shall have to feast on beefsteak from the hotel, which is invariably tough and expensive.

We have only met one French family here, the Bacon family. They are newcomers and have opened a bakery. This is a business which before Bacon's arrival had not been established in this budding village, for the American substitutes for baker's bread little hot biscuits which are cooked fresh in the oven for dinner, and the Mexican, in place of bread, has *tortillas*. For this reason up to the present moment the lack of a bakery has not been noticed.

Upon going to see Mr. Thomas Pallou, who knew the purpose of our trip, he sent us over to see his brother, Mr. Fourcade, a Frenchman from Bordeaux, who married the daughter of a *ranchero* and who owns property about two leagues from here.

On the morning of September eleventh we left Santa Cruz to visit this *ranchito*. Toward four o'clock we reached our destination. Mr. Fourcade, the owner and manager it appears, was formerly a sailor whose ship was confiscated or deserted by the crew when the placers were discovered in California.

Fourcade stayed in California and tried his luck at the mines where he had remarkable success; within three months he took out nuggets valued at thirty thousand dollars. Then, since he had been one of the first to reach and exploit these particular placers the mines were named after him. These diggings are famous even as far south as this. To cap the climax he had his heart, fortune, and hand accepted by a rich Californian.

The *ranchito* contains between eight and eleven square leagues of land. Just now it is in litigation over a boundary dispute; the case is still pending. We noticed, as we walked around, that it looked like a fine piece of property; it has three kilometers of seacoast, running water on it, not to mention fields suitable for pasturage, meadows, woods, and soil adaptable for use in making bricks. He has offered us a certain number of animals, access to the ocean, and an acre of land on the shore for a landing. As all this seemed like an attractive proposal we were about ready to sign an agreement.

While we were discussing all these points with Mr. Fourcade he graciously invited us to spend the evening with his family. We accepted his invitation without ceremony, hoping in this way to settle all the minor points during the course of the evening.

Orders to kill a two-year old steer were immediately given with as much unconcern as a French farmer would show in ordering chickens dressed for extra guests. A Mexican servant mounted on horseback started off, lasso in hand, after an animal. He brought it down at a distance of thirty feet, turned around, and returned dragging this victim, tied by the horns, behind him. He then severed the animal's head with one blow, threw it away, and cut the remainder into quarters. All this did not take more than twenty minutes.

After quickly grilling some steaks our meal was ready. The menu was simple: red beans, which were fairly good, an abundance of meat, *tortillas*, and fresh water. Tea, coffee, wine, and brandy may occasionally be used here but of this I am not certain. At all events they are reserved for state occasions.

The *Señora*, the mistress of the house, is young, pretty, and in an interesting condition. She did not dine at the table with her husband and brothers-in-law. Five of us counting Fourcade and his brothers enjoyed the feast; the fifth was a relation of the woman.

In the course of the conversation the purpose of our visit was again broached. It was then that a number of difficulties and obstacles put in an appearance. They were quite willing, it seemed, to rent us part of the *rancho*, but first of all it was necessary to have the *rancho* divided among the eight co-owners and to obtain the consent of the grandmother.

Neither did they care to rent for over three years and we wanted a six years' lease with the privilege of buying at a price fixed in advance to be applied against the rental, for we hoped eventually to make the lands valuable. Our host, without refusing our proposition, asked permission to defer his reply until next December, hoping, so he said, that the property would by that time be divided.

In this country a deal delayed is a deal lost. This was our conviction when, toward nine o'clock, our host escorted us to the apartment reserved for us. It was a dirty, untidy place close to the ground and with mud walls thickly covered with dust, a door that refused to close, and broken panes of glass.

The hides of a few horses were spread on the floor and were used to sit or sleep on. Everything was primitive and extremely simple; I understand the owners' quarters are equally uncomfortable, and yet they are considered to be wealthy *rancheros*. Moreover, I do not think

the Fourcades are like so many local ranch-owners who do not know any better way of living.

Had we not been afraid of offending these people we would have camped out in the open, but such a move might have seemed like repaying courtesy with rudeness. So we resigned ourselves to the situation and with a clear conscience lay down to sleep the sleep of the just.

First of all, however, here is some gossip about this household — true or false as it may be — that is being circulated around the country. On the surface it seems far from charitable, and what surprises me is that it is known as there is little visiting out here between families because of the great distance. It concerns the domestic life of my hospitable hosts, the Fourcades.

Now when anyone speaks of them they are mentioned in disparaging tones as small, blunt men, and if anyone asks whether they are married, there is an embarrassing silence, for theirs is a three-cornered establishment and no one knows what the status of the one woman is. Perhaps in California there is a sacrament that blesses such a union, but it does not meet with local approval.

In France there is constant visiting back and forth between neighbors. But in California, this country with the future, it is possible to travel forty kilometers without meeting a solitary person. It is barely possible that this same custom existed here in times past among the natives and that they exchanged visits between tribes.

Early on the morning of September twelfth we left our hosts and returned to Santa Cruz. As the day was a fête-day we joined in the singing of mass, accompanied by violins and other discordant instruments. Being provided with a letter from the curé — sent by this Capuchin father to his rich brother land-owner — after an exceptionally good dinner we left for San Juan.

[SAN JUAN BAUTISTA]

For three hours our route followed the coast. We passed one fine *rancho*, owned by a rich Californian who, like most of his associates, is uneducated and unable to read or write. Riding, gambling, playing, drinking, swaggering, and brutality take the place of this elementary knowledge and seem essential to the happiness of these isolated ranch-owners.

Next we ran into a forest where after six hours' walking we camped at sunset near a brook and dined off a duck the doctor had shot. This took the place of the deer he fired at and wounded, but which got away. Tired though comfortable, after building a blazing fire we went to sleep.

On the morning of the thirteenth, having cooked breakfast we got under way once more. The trail was clearly and unmistakably marked. On the way we saw hundreds of ducks which let us get up close to them but, as ammunition was getting low, we let many good chances to fire escape.

Toward eleven o'clock we came to a ranch-house on the left of the road. The firing of a gun across our path brought us to an abrupt stop. The owner of this property was an old, pure-blooded Californian, who spoke nothing but Spanish, but who liked to live well — at any rate this was the impression he gave — and when we went inside we found a lavish board spread which was being enjoyed by six or more relatives and friends, both men and women. We did not know whether a celebration was being held or whether this was merely a family gathering and the way they lived every day.

Whatever it was we noted an atmosphere of comfort and luxury not usually found at ranch-houses. A white cloth covered the table which held six platters of meats and vegetables. With the food was served not plain water but tea, wine, and brandy, which were passed around at the table.

The noticeably happy faces, the sparkling eyes, and the shrill voices gave an air of animation to the gathering. When the *ranchero* saw us he came over, greeted us pleasantly, and in a cordial, almost effeminate voice invited us to share the dinner. The hour, our appetites, a certain amount of curiosity, courtesy, and this unexpected meeting made us a little timid and over-scrupulous, for we made a shabby appearance.

We accepted, however, and spent an hour at the table with all these good people. Although we enjoyed eating and drinking, the difficulty was in making ourselves understood and being able to return the hospitality with gracious words, compliments, and a description of our travels.

Eventually we compromised by a jargon of French-Spanish. In this way we were finally able to understand that the owner of the property would be willing to lease but that his wife opposed it, though apparently without any good reason.

As it would have been discourteous to have pressed the matter further we dropped the subject and enjoyed the dinner. I cannot say too much in favor of these genial hosts whose names, I am sorry to say, have slipped my memory. We took a decided fancy to this property as it was admirably situated at the head of the great plain that stretches from here to San Juan and over to the town of San José. From there it reaches on north to within two leagues of San Francisco. It is broken only by a few low hills.

Near the ranch-house was a forest and, not far away, a small lake. The lake was covered with hundreds of wild duck. The sea lay only about four leagues away, while San Juan was some nine leagues from the property.

By noon we were on our way; so far our trip had been tiresome and fruitless. We tramped in the heat of the day which at this time of the year is never less than 25° to 30° centigrade. Here and there across the plains a solitary ranch-house loomed up in the distance. These dwellings, as a usual thing, were ten or fifteen kilometers apart. To visit them would have meant detours and, so far at least, such visits have not been altogether a pleasure.

Between each *ranch*, marking the boundaries, stood a hut occupied by a shrewd speculator who had planted a little garden and was living there in a simple, frugal manner. When the surveyor finally arrives and settles the boundary disputes — most of these are still in question — there will probably be considerable unclaimed land between ranches which squatters can claim up to the amount of one hundred and sixty acres.

This explains the isolation, the patience, and the simple life of these modern hermits. Had I not known this I should never have understood why they lived as they did unless some catastrophe had given them a distaste for society, although they did not seem like misanthropes.

All this flat country is covered with half-wild steers, cows, and horses that roam the ranges in herds of hundreds and even thousands. As soon as these creatures saw us in the distance they would lift their heads high in the air, bellow and neigh, then turn and scamper off. Then they would stop abruptly some hundred meters farther on, turn around with a menacing air as if hesitating between flight and attack, and then go on again.

What would be left of two poor travellers like us if we were trampled on by these thousands of hoofs and attacked by all these horns in case the herd declared war in the councils they held at those particular moments? Even to think of it makes me shiver. After a moment's hesitation — it seemed like hours — the enemy would go on, but they kept up these tactics until they vanished in the distance.

Half an hour later another herd duplicated this performance and went through exactly the same manœuvres. We were just beginning to get used to it when one of them, stronger and braver than the rest, charged toward us, stopping only a hundred feet off. It was not a moment too soon. Fortunately courage and ferocity do not always go hand in hand or we might have quickly passed on to another and better world.

Shortly after this experience we came to a large *rancho* which we decided to visit. Although several of the buildings were in ruins they were inhabited by all the skunks in the neighborhood, who had forced everyone else to move out. This is probably why the proprietor and his family have departed.

Ground-squirrels — little gnawing animals resembling gray water-rats — are always under foot wherever one steps. With bushy tails held high these drab creatures sit by their holes ready to disappear at the slightest disturbance. They are fairly good eating but the large gray forest squirrel is more delicate. These creatures, together with grasshoppers and frequent droughts, are the bane of agriculture in this part of the country.

Finally we reached *Rancho del Padre*, owned by the curé at Santa Cruz, and reputed to be one of the most valuable in California. It is ably and intelligently managed. We felt certain of a warm and cordial welcome since we had a letter of introduction from the Franciscan father to his brother who manages the property. Others had received us without credentials so why should we not expect the same here?

Confident of such a reception we passed through several entrances and finally found ourselves in an enclosed court. On one side was the main building; on the other three sides were sheds. In this patio, surrounded by Indian servants, was a large man well along in years, with a wrinkled countenance, who seemed like a man of the lower classes. He was busy melting tallow in an immense kettle.

This was the master of the house, so we bowed and presented our letter. He read it, placed it in his pocket, and returned to his tallow, merely making a slight motion with his head as much as to say "Well, *au revoir*, God bless you!"

We lost no time in leaving this gross, ugly man — who had not so much as offered to let us rest under his roof or given us a drink — more indignant than surprised at finding a manager who acted as superciliously as a rightful owner.

In going out of the gates the doctor and I looked with famished eye at an enormous piece of fresh meat hanging there to dry in the sun before it was sold or fed to the Indians. We asked permission to buy some, saying we would pay for it. They had the generosity to decline our offer, so we threw some small change to the Indians, not caring to be under obligations to the inmates.

Then we stopped a short distance up the road and prepared dinner under the shade of a convenient tree, bitterly regretting the loss of the ten ducks we had so generously given the Franciscan father at Santa Cruz and which had been repaid in so inadequate a manner.

Life is full of the unexpected. On the same day inhospitably treated in the morning by one from whom we might have had a right to expect different treatment, at five that same afternoon we were most courteously assisted by a stranger to whom we had no letter of introduction. What a hideous thing wealth wedded to avarice is! By way of retaliation we made all sorts of puns about him and wished his establishment ill-luck, while we ate our meager lunch.

But before going on we inspected the exterior of this Franciscan domain, a kind of petty kingdom on United States territory, with its hundreds of Indian vassals working at various kinds of labor. Some were drying skins in the sun; others were cutting meat into strips. A few were tanning leather and making harnesses. In another place was a forge and blacksmith.

Farther on we saw the kitchen-gardens where young Indians, cracking whips, were scaring off hungry birds that ruin the seed and fruits. I was not able to estimate how much was under cultivation as the hour was late, but the amount must be enormous.

Workmen cost next to nothing; the Indians, being devout Catholics are happy with scant rations, a few clothes, little money, and many indulgences. The same system is used — only on a much smaller scale — that was in vogue at the old Missions.

The hides, meat, tallow, and horns of the animal all are utilized. The soil is made to yield ten-fold but the work falls on the shoulders of a few as the mines absorb most of the labor and all the free capital. But the day will come when the miner, satisfied or disillusioned, will turn to agriculture for his livelihood. Moreover, the squatter-occupants will file claims on these fertile fields, and the titles of the owners — and very few are legal — will pass on to them. While this is happening the ranches will suffer severely and this vast land, now so sparsely populated, will take on quite a different character.

Of this the Franciscan and his brother-manager are fully cognizant. This may be why the people around here are so bitter toward the curé. In one way or another, with his vast herds and his intelligent method of ranching, he may easily have amassed another fortune in addition to what he already has, if we are to believe local gossip.

In the afternoon, having eaten and rested, we were feeling more energetic and so pressed on hoping to find at San Juan shelter which would be furnished us ungrudgingly. We had only a two-mile trip ahead of us and we made fast time as the road was level and neither rough nor dusty. This, toward the close of a beautiful day, was nothing for two such seasoned pedestrians.

Soon Mission San Juan [Bautista] loomed up in the distance. Low

and rambling in appearance it spreads over a wide area like an old chateau or convent. Situated on a little knoll it overlooks the surrounding plains. Near it trickles a brook of pure, clear water.

Monterey, a small port and formerly the capital of Upper California, is about a two days' trip from here. San José is about the same distance. The former lies toward the west; the latter is north of here. We travelled the sixteen leagues separating us from Santa Cruz in two days and reached our destination more in need of rest than food.

On September 14, 1850, we rested at the Mission. Its buildings are in a fair state of preservation and are occupied by Americans, Spanish, Mexicans, and even Frenchmen. I do not know by what right they were there and whether they are the proprietors, tenants, interlopers, or merely sharpers. The servants' quarters, however, are in ruins. While the church is still standing the exterior is dilapidated. I am unable to say what condition the interior is in as the curé was away with the key in his pocket.

The most remarkable thing I found — something I had not seen since leaving France — were the orchards planted with apple and pear trees. These were in full bearing and were enclosed in a space measuring three or four hectares. There were several hundred trees all told which were heavy with ripe fruit. It was a sight to rejoice the eyes and make our mouths water — poor travellers like ourselves, who had not seen fruit for eighteen months. The Mexican tenant of this earthly paradise in California allowed us to inspect his domain and gave us permission to eat as much fruit as we wanted — adding that there was no forbidden fruit in his garden.

The doctor and I accepted this offer without hesitation, for there was such an abundance that a hundred famished gourmands might pass an entire day here regaling themselves and the loss would never be noticed. As much for hygienic reasons as for good manners we indulged only moderately and spent the time mainly in chatting with the Mexican, who understood only a few words of the French language.

From this conversation I gathered that the Mission property is in litigation and that several claims are now being contested by the Mexican government and the United States. Those now holding Mission lands have only provisional titles.

The fruit crop this year has been sold to a speculator who has also contracted to pick and transport it. He is leaving any spoiled or defective fruit behind, and is taking only what is perfect. The price received was eight thousand dollars. It is a happy arrangement for it gives the owner only the trouble of counting his profits.

What astonished us was the amount of waste fruit littering the

ground and going to rot which could easily be made into cider. Our guide told us he could not find anyone out here who knew how to make this beverage and that machinery for squeezing the apples and making the juice ferment was not available. I had often made cider in France and knew the basic principles. The doctor said he knew how to set up the press used for squeezing and crushing the apples and all he would need to have was some kegs which could be purchased in San Francisco.

The Mexicans offered us all the apples that had fallen on the ground, or were about to fall — something like five thousand kilograms — and two hundred dollars toward building the press. They were also to bear half of any additional expenses and split profits with us.

To us this offer seemed munificent, and, if all went well, it might lead to other offers. This may be fortune, in the form of apples, knocking at our door. It would be absurd not to seize this wonderful opportunity. So, after a few moments' deliberation we accepted this proposition and drew up an agreement binding on both parties.

I was chosen to find a native of Normandy who knew how to make first-class cider, to get some kegs from San Francisco, and to arrange to market the cider when it was shipped. This sounded very fine and everything that evening looked roseate.

All night long I dreamed of making my fortune and early the next morning I hurried off with a light heart for San Francisco after saying good-bye to Doctor Briot and my boarding-house keeper, a Frenchman named Coche who had been out in Africa where, so he said, he knew my brother Adelstan. He was born near Jussey, but is now settled permanently in California.

[SAN JUAN TO SAN FRANCISCO]

I walked along what seemed like an endless path that led across the immense plains where the ground, riddled by gopher holes, was arid and parched from lack of water and too much sunshine. The scenery was monotonous owing to the absence of trees and habitations.

By way of diversion, like the milkmaid with her pail of milk in La Fontaine's fable, I built castles in California, visualizing mounds of apples from which flowed rivers of cider. I travelled in this way as far as I could until my strength gave out and I had to stop for a rest and supper.

Fortunately I had taken the precaution to carry along a bottle of plain water. Without it I should have died of thirst for I did not find any water for two leagues. After eating two biscuits and a cake of chocolate — a modest but satisfying repast and all I had with me — I then lay down at the foot of a solitary stunted tree and with the barren

plains stretching out on every side as far as the eye could see I went to sleep for the night. My slumber would have been deep had it not been for the cries of coyotes and the noises made by horses and wild cattle that broke the peace of the night and interrupted my sleep.

I was fortunate enough during the day to find a little house on my route, but it had no caretaker and apparently no occupants to give me food and shelter. But by this time I had grown accustomed to almost anything.

I have met several groups of Sonorans going back to their own country there to enjoy what profits they have accumulated at the placers during the winter season. Many expect to return to California next spring—a round trip of some thirteen hundred leagues. But what is that for men who are used to hardships, fatigue, and sleeping in the open, men whose only diversions are gambling, fighting, and, perhaps, when times are not so good, banditry.

Sonora, so it seems, is very rich in gold and silver mines. It is reputed to be even richer than California. But the mines are situated in the Apache Indian country and this tribe is warlike, vicious, and not dependable. So the miners from there who are not very courageous prefer to leave home and come to work in the placers of California rather than be harassed, robbed, and perhaps scalped in their own land.

At noon, when I was about four leagues from San José, I came to an inn run by Germans. Here, for one dollar, I was able to appease my appetite. My companion during lunch was a man called François Diaz, a Frenchman from Bordeaux, who has lived in this country for several years. He is married and owns a ranch somewhere near here. As he has a large family he would like to sell his property and return to France where he can educate his children. Had I possessed several thousand piasters we might have made a deal. He regretted my lack of them as much as I did. We parted the best of friends after eating and talking together at the table for two hours or more.

I stopped when it got dark near a hut occupied by four Mexicans which stood on the road a league this side of San José. In appearance these men were unprepossessing, but their hearts were of gold for they generously offered to share their modest meal with me and let me sleep under their roof. For this they refused to accept payment. I accepted their invitation to supper but declined their offer of shelter, pretending I preferred to sleep out in the open, for I did not know what might happen inside or how many blood-thirsty insects might have their permanent habitat there.

These Mexicans were lean, dirty, swarthy, and in the habit of drinking heavily, a habit which did not seem in the least to upset them. As

a general thing the proletariat, when not incited by cupidity, envy, or the advice of ambitious outcasts, has more merits than vices. What good they do is done quietly, without ostentation, and without ulterior motive. For this reason they are more deserving of praise than the middle classes. This, at least, has been my experience from personal contact, after a year in California, with the proletariat of all countries and particularly with the generosity of my hosts to-day.

On the morning of September sixteenth, after shaking hands with the four Mexicans and after many *gracias* and *adios*, a French truck-gardener living near here gave me a lift in his cart, at seven we were in San José. Here I learned that Mr. Jourdain, Doctor Briot's friend, was back from Los Angeles. This is fortunate for the doctor. Their friendship, however, is in the nature of a political connection, and, I am afraid, will be of short duration for both like to argue and both are quite stubborn even over unimportant trifles. The doctor and I, our political views being at variance, always agree, for we never discuss politics.

My first care in San José was to find some one who knew how to make cider and whom I could send over to San Juan. Finally I located a Charles Dupont, a native of Normandy who agreed for the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars to give us his services until the first of November. After paying him this amount in advance he started off for his new position.

Later I called on Mr. Langlois, brother of the postmaster at Hâvre, whom I found seriously ill, although he confidently expects soon to be well again. He told me his brother, to whom Alphonse de Labouillage, assistant postmaster in the same port had introduced me shortly before I was sailing, had become involved in a speculation that was doomed to be disastrous to both him and his brokers.

According to what Mr. Langlois here in San José had told me, he had tried to establish a line of boats plying between Hâvre and Chagres connecting with a line direct from Panama to San Francisco to take care of the emigrant travel. This plan, feasible a year ago, is no longer practicable as twelve lines are now furnishing this service.

The Mr. Langlois who lives in California was among the first to come out with merchandise on which he made a handsome profit. Through poor investments, dishonest associates, and illness, he has lost almost everything when he might have been a millionaire. Just now he is using his last resources.

My next visit was to Dechanet, who paid me back fifteen dollars on our old account, which he had made by gambling or working. This will keep me for another fifteen days, so I shall not have to depend on Providence.

On September seventeenth after lunch I started off on foot for San Francisco. A league from my starting place I passed Santa Clara Mission; both the Church and other buildings are in a fair state of preservation. Travelling for another three hours with the bay on my right and the coastal range, which runs the length of the peninsula, on my left, I went on in the direction of the setting sun.

As I passed a respectable looking house I decided to camp near it, hoping the occupants—a group of Americans who appear to be in comfortable circumstances—would be as hospitable as the poor Mexicans were last evening. So I knocked politely and asked if I could make arrangements for supper and a room for the night. A man answered the door and remarked rather sarcastically that they never sold or gave away anything. This reply saved me two dollars.

After the rebuff I went on for a short distance and made a humble supper off what provision I had with me. Then, wrapped like some ancient philosopher in my blankets, I dropped to sleep pondering over the ways of the human heart. It must have been an hour after I was comfortably settled when two young pretty Americans—who must have been the wives, sisters, or mistresses of these men—evidently conscience-stricken, came to offer me some dinner. They were too late, however, for I had already dined off of biscuits and chocolate, and the only other thing I needed was sleep, so I merely thanked them for their kindness. There is a time for everything!

I was only able to get a superficial idea of Santa Clara as I passed by to-day. This Mission, formerly a very flourishing one, however, deserves more than passing mention, though its belfry—the only one I have seen in California—is too small to be artistic. A fine avenue lined with broad oaks connects it with the town of San José. It has its own private landing-place on the bay, about two leagues from here. When the capital is moved from San José to Vallejo, as it will be in the near future, it will lose much of its importance, for San José will never be more than a third-rate city. Its main attraction will be its pleasant location, its commerce, and its agricultural possibilities, which will make it a small business center.

The Mission properties, with their orchards and vineyards, are extensive. I have been told that some nuns are negotiating now for the buildings, hoping to establish an educational institution. What gives a semblance of activity to the place to-day is the fruit industry, truck gardening, and the opening of an important quick-silver mine. These products are shipped away in small boats ranging from four to ten tons—the only kind that can be used at low tide.

On the eighteenth, feeling greatly refreshed, I left this place of

belated hospitality and arrived early in the day at the landing-place for Santa Clara. En route I met a Frenchman who raises vegetables somewhere between here and San Francisco. He was on his way to deliver a load before returning to the village, so we made the trip together.

As we were going toward the bay we stopped at a dairy operated at one of the *ranchos* by a group of Frenchmen, Germans, and Americans. Among this group were two pretty women. For the sum of three thousand dollars the *ranchero* had leased them the place together with seventy cows and as much land as they could cultivate. This amount was paid off in quarterly installments. Just now they have no more animals and are not doing any extensive cultivating. They seem like simple country farmers without ambition or initiative.

True this quiet rural life may not be lucrative — and I doubt whether it is — but at the same time it is a pleasant and delightful way to live. To have congenial work, congenial companionship, plus dairy products, meat, and fresh butter, tea, and brandy, and to fall asleep at night watching the cattle browse over the hills, such a life as these colonists live recalls the Arcadian days of the long ago and harks back far from the shores of the Pacific in the nineteenth century to life in the open as our ancestors knew it. Towering trees for shelter, fresh springs in abundance, vast pastures, fertile fields, fish in the neighboring bay, game on all sides, harmony between associates — this would be complete happiness were it not for the omnipresent cancer which haunts and darkens the picture — the three thousand dollars yet to be paid, overhead expenses, and incompetency; which alone suffice to remove the glamour from such an existence.

Mr. Blanchard, my travelling-companion, and I were hospitably welcomed with open arms and all these good people insisted that we share their dinner. We had no excuse for refusing this kind offer. We enjoyed drinking all the milk we wanted, which is still worth nearly a dollar a liter in this country. Everything was excellent and everyone was very cordial. The only thing that was poor was the white cheese, served for desert, which was not made of properly curdled milk. I do not mean this by way of criticism; I would not be so ungrateful.

During the dinner hour the conversation turned largely on the present and future prospects of this company, and what difficulties they were having in marketing their products owing to the great distances between points of consumption. San Francisco is a day's trip away, and the village of San José though nearer is not sufficiently important. If the little company had a small steamer on the bay, in less than four hours they could land produce in San Francisco and have a lucrative dairy business. As the purchase of a boat hinges on making profits,

and the profits depend on the purchase of a boat, they are in a sorry dilemma.

Full of the kindest feelings, at two o'clock we left our gracious hosts, typical ranchers in this new El Dorado. Travelling on until sundown we had supper at a ranch, but left immediately after as the road was well-defined and the night perfect. We joined a *ranchero* on horseback who was accompanied by two children on another mount. This good man was quite affable and made all kinds of friendly overtures. Every five minutes he pulled a half-empty flask of brandy from his hip pocket in token of his friendly attitude. We accepted one drink out of politeness, but refused the others. He told us about one experience he had had when, under the influence of liquor, he was gored by a bull and badly hurt.

At ten that evening, weary and tired we dropped down under a tree near the road. In such instances it is wise to choose your tree carefully. When sleeping under an oleander, a tree which has heavy foliage, there is grave danger of not waking up bright and early in the morning.

The next day, the nineteenth, at dawn we started on. By ten we reached a hotel, incorrectly called the Halfway House. Literally speaking this means that it is located halfway between San José and San Francisco. It is run by a Yankee called Hunter who speaks French.

Hunter is a pleasant, courteous, well-mannered man who studied for a time in France at one of the polytechnic schools; graduating from there in 1834, he then went into the Navy. From this he was given his discharge to return home to his family in America. As he was leaving France with some valuable merchandise his ship was wrecked. He has already been ruined and re-established three times. No obstacles are too great for an American!

His last calamity was a life-sized affair; he attempted nothing less than to establish a new city on a well-selected site on the bay. This was named South San Francisco, since it adjoined the main city. Taking an option on the land he had plans made, lots mapped out, and an advertising campaign put on. His announcements and advertisements appeared in all the local papers. Large sums were spent, but purchasers were scarce. In the end nothing remained of this fine project but some uninhabited shacks and fifteen thousand dollars in unpaid bills.

The speculation Mr. Hunter is engaged in now is equally hazardous but it has a chance for even greater profits. Three friends are in with him and each one has taken up a claim of sixty-four hectares on two ranches whose owners are about to abandon them. By selling this land

to one another ownership is established and, if there are no prior claims on it, the title will then be valid. However, they may have to go through the courts—a matter of years—and in the meanwhile these squatters will probably compromise, or abandon half or three-quarters of the land they have usurped.

Before dinner our host regaled us with a detailed account of this affair, which he described with a cold-bloodedness and aplomb that denote a complete absence of the moral sense and absolute ignorance of ideals and standards set by civilized citizens for mutual protection.

The Hunter House, which is not completely furnished, is a wooden edifice. The stages running between San José and San Francisco stop there both ways. It is fairly comfortable, and I dined passably for a dollar. Near the inn, seated on a bench, was a young and elegantly-clad woman, holding a novel in one hand and a parasol in the other.

We were told that this woman poses as Madame Hunter. Be this as it may, certainly deep love and devotion would be needed to endure such isolation with the rain and mud of the winters and the heat and dust of the summer season without compensation. It is indeed a strong test.

We left at noon and at one o'clock took a siesta under a tree. From three until evening we walked across flat country devoid of shade. We camped at night near a tent owned by an American who wanted to sell us supper. He offered us a piece of meat without bread, wine, tea, or brandy, and asked two dollars apiece. We both objected to this exorbitant charge which was out of all reason and nothing less than exploitation of transient travellers. In the end he accepted half a dollar each. But we deemed it expedient after this trouble to look for another place farther down the road.

Half an hour later we were lucky enough to find a hospitable tent. It proved to belong to Gerard, a successful miner and the partner of Parisot from Quiers, on the upper Saône, who has just located here about two leagues from San Francisco and plans to open a dairy.

The pasturage costs him nothing; he merely rents enough ground for his tent, a garden, and a little extra land for his own pleasure. He owns about thirty cows; from them he gets enough fresh milk to net him fifty dollars a day. His venture looks like a good speculation.

We spent the night in his tent sleeping on the hard ground. As we are accustomed to it we would have slept soundly had it not been for some bulls which bellowed incessantly. The night passed without further interruptions and we were up bright and early with the dawn.

JAMES CLYMAN

His Diaries and Reminiscences

(Continued)

[Eastward to Missouri]

Early in the spring of 1846, James Clyman crossed the Sierra Nevada, going eastward in company with Lansford W. Hastings, James M. Hudspeth, and a party including sixteen other men, three women and two children. Old Caleb Greenwood, who had been a trapper in the days of Manuel Lisa, had been over the route in 1844, with the Stephens-Townsend immigrants. Hastings had also entered California on this trail in the next year. Both came by way of Fort Hall, down the Humboldt and across the Truckee divide.

The route described in Clyman's diary was doubtless, in a general way, the path followed by these earlier pioneers and by Frémont on his third trip. Frémont's feat of pioneering at this time was the crossing of the Desert of the Great Salt Lake, which had not been attempted at this point before, so far as known. Some interest therefore attaches to the detailed description of the road by Clyman and the subsequent dispute of Clyman and Hastings over the merits of Frémont's trail which later came to be known as Hastings' Cut-Off. Clyman's meeting with the Donner party and other trains is also of importance—the more so since this portion of the diary was missing at the time copies of the other journals were made for Bancroft.

Clyman left Johnson's Ranch on Bear River on April 23, 1846, and after delays due to the snow at this early season, encamped on the 30th at what was doubtless Summit Valley at the head of the Yuba River. The train crossed the Truckee pass the next day and stopped at the foot of Donner Lake—called by them Truckee Lake. On the 2d of May they reached "Johns Creek"—probably the stream now called Prosser Creek—and, traveling slowly, encamped on "Wind River"—doubtless the Little Truckee River—on the 4th. The following evening they approached the Truckee again from the north, near the present site of Verdi, Nevada, and went on through Truckee Meadows, near what is now Reno, on the 6th. On the 9th they left the river at the bend where the town of Wadsworth now stands, and evening found them, after a long dry march, at the hot springs eighteen miles southwest of the southern end of Humboldt Lake. Here the narrative, as given in Clyman's diary, is resumed.

[Book 8, continued]

[May] 10 [1846] again under way and (on) rather a singular road we had mostly over a bear salt plain which had a few years since been covered in water and constituted Ogdens [Humboldt] Lake which no doubt when Mr Ogden visited this region some 25 [18] years since was Quite a large Lak but shallow now nearly dried up and from appearances will in a few years more intirely disappear and become

the most dry thirsty [spot] imaginable as that portion which has now dried off will plainly indicate Nearly the whole of our days travel 20 miles to day and a part of yestarday was evidently under water but a few yares since now at this time Marys [Humboldt] river sinks and disappears intirely some 8 or 10 miles above the small shallow pond know as Ogdens Lake and this whole region is now intirely dried up and has the most thirsty appearance of any place I ever witnessed The whole of several large vallies is covered in a verry fin clay or mud which has vimited from the bowels of the earth mixed with scalding water from the immense cauldrons of heat below

11 want of space has prevented me from noting that several Lengthy ranges of mountains are visible and in particular to the East [Humboldt Range] whose tops are covered in snow one Likewise in the S. allso N. E. all appearanty seperatee and distinct. allso that we changed our course from E. to nearly N on our arival at ogdens, Lake

Continued up the valy of marys river passed over Quantities of concrete rocks of various curious shapes and Sizes the mountains that bound this vally are all of vitrified rock of various hues but mostly of dark red and brown the whole of the vally is composed [of] whiteish volcanic mud and bears no vegetation except a hard thorny shub called by voyagers grease wood and this species seems to thrive without moisture at 10 miles we struck the River a small stream not more than 20 yards wide running in a deep channel of fine clay and the water completely saturated with this same mud as thick or thicker than the Misouri in a freshet to day the snow seemed to disappear rapidly on the mountain in front of our camp none of the highlans bear any vegetation

12 still up the River over one of the most Steril Barren countys I ever traversed the hills and mountains producing no kind of vegetation and the more elevated part of the vally bearing nothing but a small shrubby thorn and not even moist enough to poduce the much dispised wild sage from all appearancees their has not fallen any rain or snow since the california emigration passed here last September except a light shower of snow that has fallen a few days since and still remains on the mountain in nearly all directions the grass has made but a feeble start and our animals fare verry poorly the wil-lows have not yet buded and the earth is so parched that we are all day covered in a cloud of dust almost sufficating to pass through and the water is Likewise poor when obtained as there is none at all Except in the river and the banks are so steep and high that few places can be found to desend to [it] 25 [miles]

13 Early under way continued up the River the sun arose as usual without a speck of cloud or mist for bothe appear to be allmost unknown to this region here the river which hitherto has been coming all most drect from the north makes a bend and comes more Eastwardly the vally [contains] the same volcanic mud now become more dry and allmost as loose as ashes at about 6 miles we came to a fine vally of grass and unpacked to let our animals graze a Large vally seem[s] to run a great distance north waard The water in the River is much clearer than whare we first struck it below and as earthe is much dryer so also it is much Looser in as much that our animals many timis sink up to their knees in the dry earth our whole company now Togather consists of 19 men and boys 3 women and 2 children and about 150 mules and Horses too many for this rout at so early a season of the year as the grass has Just began to shoot and is yet young and short and we will probably devide our company in a few days

14 up the River on an nearly E direction to day 25 miles with a nearly Exact sameness two large vallies seem to spread themselves one to the North and the other to the South passing between two mountains composed of Black slag the most Easterly ridge [East Range] is covered in snow near the tops But although their appears to be a considerable depth of snow on several of these mountains now it would seem thawing off rapidly yet so thirsty is the sides and so greate the evaporation that not a drop of water reaches the vally severall Horses gave out to day and from the appearance of many others I begin to conclude that californea Horses are not a hardy race of animals So perfectly Barren and sterile is this region of volcanic matter that scarcely a bird is heard to chirp to the rising Sun and not even the signe of an animal Except Rabbits ever ventures to make a precarious subsistance on these plains a strong South wind is blowing and some thin streaks of clouds are seen gathering around

[Misplaced in the MS]

15 Still up the River after afeew Hours ride we chnged our course nearly East for some miles and our whole course to day has perhaps nearly N. E.¹⁵⁴ the same appearances as to soil [as] usual However to day we passed several sand drifts no Timber has yet been seen in any part of the high or Lowlands Bordering on this stream except willow and a few other shrebs of verry Stinted groth the same want of moisture still continues and the Travelling is extremely dusty espicially to day as we had an aft wind (as the Sailors say)

¹⁵⁴ Near present site of Winnemucca, Nevada.

Travel to day about 22 miles From all appearances this River has overflowed it[s] banks and flooded all the vally as the low ground still indicates by a feeble groth of Bull rushes water flags and other vegetables know[n] to marsh lands as like wise the old stalks of large weeds on the plains but at present very little grass and no weeds are seen

16 Continued up in an E. & S E. course [Big Bend of the Humboldt] on the South side of the River 30 miles a few miles from our Last camp we passed a groupe Boiling springs near $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile S. of the Trail passed a range of low slate mountains [Hot Spring Range] thorough which the river passes and makes a Large bend to the South and a large vally extending bothe sides of the river nearly all of which however is covered in many places several inches thick in a white saline crust nearly strong enough to bear the weight of a man and in most other places shrubby stools of Prarie thorn know[n] by the tra[v]elers in this region as grease wood passed one Slough of standing water the first I have seen since traveling the stream Large vallies seem to extend in various directions to day bound on either side by mountains of Slag and Scoria Soil volcanic mud or clay to so dry and loose that our animals sunk in up to their knees observed some willows beginning to bud several days have [been] Quite smoky and it seem to increase allthough no fires are to be seen the whole of to day has [been] verry crooked but the earth is so dry that we can not ventur [any] cut off

17 Passed up the full S E. 26 miles and encamped whare the river breakes between two Black slag hills [Battle Mountain] which form nearly regular mountains N. and S. passed over several miles of saline matter in fact the highlands and mountains seem to be formed intirely of slag and scoria and the vallies of volcanic mud salt and soda the vegetation wild Sage and grease wood a strong wind blew from the south during the fore noon but shifted to the west in the evening and blew up such a dust that the sun was completely obscured all the afternoon this would seem strang but no stranger than true for the vallies are composed of find mud thrown from the bowels of the earth in greate Quantites mixed with Boiling water and when left exposed to the weather for an unknown time the water being evaporated by the sun leaves this remarkable fine clay which is soft and fine flour whirlwinds and other strong currents of wind carry large Quantitees to a great hight resembling a white smoke which in times of dry weather and strong winds completely obscures the light and resembles thin light fog

18 Early under way the apearance of the county the same 30 miles First 10 miles East then S. E. The [day] was still and

pleasant the vally Large grass short and none except near the water our animals begin to [find] hard travel and poor feed mountains the same Cinder and Slag many of them caped in snow and frost in the vally every night since we commenced assending the river the rever pretty much the same except clearer and more swift no timber yet seen except willow confined to the margin of the stream the white saline matter not Quite so plenty. a high white snowey mountain [Cortez Mountains] seen dead a head at some considerable distance Fresh tracks of Indians seen in the vicinity of camp and as I believe the first seen in passing up this stream they are not however supposed to be dangerous as they are probably shoshones devided our company on the 16 we haveing 8 men and 37 animals. Move ahead

19 In a few miles above our encampment (we) the Trail leaves the River and assends a range of hills or mountains of no greate elevation and mostly formed of clay and loose rock about half way across these hills is several springs of cool water crossed over and encamped in tolerable good grass for this season whole distance (16 miles) the rever passes through a Kenyon in these hill and is difficult for Horsemen to follow the stream across the river from our camp is a lot of warm springs but the water does not run from them about Half a mile above our camp is [a] Beautifull running Brook of clear water [Maggie Creek] the first that the river receives from the [Humboldt] Lake upwards a distance of more than 200 miles which proves the dryness of this country and the xtreme thirstyness of the soil if soil it can be called that produces so stinted a groth of vegetation the river here is more than double as larg as it was whare we first struck it and the water nearly clear

20 Up the stream once more about 25 miles In about one hours ride we came to whare the river Breaks through a low rugged mountain [Fremont canyon] but as the water is yet low we had no difficulty in passing through by crossing the stream several times this mountain runs nearly N. & S above it opens out in to a large vally again only a small part of any of the vally is stocked in grass and that neare the Stream all the afternoons travel was nearly N. & N E. a few miles below our camp on the South side of the river as a singular lot of Hot spring which boil and bubble like cauldron[s] and send off a large Quantity of hot water into the river which is only a few rods from the springs¹⁵⁵

Some of the hills and mountains begin to shew a few stinted cedars

¹⁵⁵ Near present site of Elko, Nevada.

on thier sides to day passed what I supposed to be the E Branch [South Fork] of Mary^s River comeing in through a deep Kenyon [Humboldt Canyon] from a range of snow capd mountains [Ruby Range] to the E of us

21 On the way again as usual N. E. course 1 ½ hours ride brought us to whare the stream came through a Kenyon for a short distance but the trail led over a sandy ridge to the N and after passing another of the same discription we came to a handsome little Brook [North Fork of Humboldt River] hading to the N. W. On each side of this brook the earth was covered white with a salin incrustation and when broke By the tramping of our mules it nearly strangled them and us causing them to caught and us to sneeze at 14 miles we encamped this being the point¹⁵⁶ whare Mr Freemant intersected the wagon Trail last fall on his way to california and Mr Hastings our pilot was anxious to try this rout but my beleef is that it [is] verry little nearer and not so good a road as that by fort Hall our encampment is in a large fine looking vally but too cold and dry for any kind of grain the mountains which are no greate elivation above the plain are covered nearly half way down in snow

22 after long consultaton and many arguments for and against the two different routs one leading Northward by fort Hall and the other by the Salt Lake we all finally tooke Fremonts Trail by the way of the Salt Lake Late in thee day the Stream brances again in this vally the Larger [Lamoille Creek] comeing From the S the smaller [Bishop Creek] from the N. up this Northern branch the wagon Trail leads by the way of Fort Hall

Crosing the N. Branch we struck S. E. for a low gap [Humboldt Pass] in a range of snow cape^d mountains soon crossed the vally and commenced assending the mountain out of which issues a small Brook [Secret Creek, now called Cottonwood Creek] followed up this brook to neare its source and encamped nearly on the summit of the mountain and within perhaps less than one mile of the snow the air was Quite cool and a few drops of rain fell. on this elevated ridge the grass we found to be nearly full grown while that in the vally was Quite short Here I observed large beds of rock resembling marble
12 mile

23 Late in the evening last heard rumbling thunder after dark a few drops of rain fell The night was cool and froze a little in fact every night has produced some Ice since we left the plains of Cali-

¹⁵⁶ Near Halleck, Nevada. Talbot's subdivision of Frémont's party had evidently encountered the river at this point. Frémont with a small group went across the desert to Walker's Lake, keeping well south of the river all the way.

fornia Early this morning the snow fell so as to whiten earth at our camp and laid on the mountains all day another shower fell during the forenoon Continued with some difficulty to follow Fremonts trail up the brook to a handsome little vally [Clover Valley] and over a ridge to a nother larger vally [Independence Valley] several small streams fall into this vally and run off to the S & S W and no doubt fall into marys river and the last water seen passing into that stream

Crossed the vally S. E. and assended a steep narrow mountain [Pequop Range] some remnants of snow drifts ware laying on the summit of this mountain desended the mountain on the South side to a large spring of warm water flowing into a large vally [Goshute Valley] and spreading into a large swale covered in marsh grass here we encamped at the distanc of 12 miles the day was cloudy and several light showers of snow fell on the mountains

24 S. E. across the vally of the warm spring and over a ridge of hills covered with shrubby Junts of cedars and into another vally of considerable length but not more than 6 or 8 miles wide dis[t]ance to day 14 miles stoped at a lot of small springs on several low mounds but so thirsty is the earth that the water does not run more than 20 or 30 feet before it all disappears to the S. W. of this vally the hills rise in considerable peaks [Toano Range] covered in snow at this time animal life seem all most Extinct in this region and the few natives that try to make a precarious subsistanc here are put to all that ingenuety can invent roots herbs insects and reptiles are sought for in all directions in some parts moles mice and gophers seem to be Quite plenty and in order to precure those that live entirely under the surface of the earth when a suitable place can be found a Brook is damned up a ditch dug and the habitation of the mole inundated when the poor animal has to take to the surface and is caught by his enemy

25 again under way E. of S across another dry clay plain covered in shrubs of a verry dwarfish character and over as dry a range of low mountains clothed in dwarfish cedars and Pines Came to a hole of water or rather a cluster of small springs¹⁵⁷ which like the last night disappeared in the parched earth immediately here we stoped and watered and nooned on again nearly east to a rather rough looking rang of mountains asended and found several snow drifts about the summit here we lost Fremonts trail and desended a southern ravine to all appearanc dry as a fresh burnt brick Kiln unpacked and

¹⁵⁷ This is evidently Whitton Spring, near Shafter, Nevada, where Frémont divided his party.

prepared ourselves for a night without water I assended one of the dry Cliffs and to my astonishment saw a well of good cool water from the top of this rang [Toano Range] we could have a fair view of one of those greate Salt plains you may give some Idea of its [extent] when I assure you that we stood near the snow drifts and surveyed this plain streching in all directions beyond the reach of vision

26 Spent the whole day in searching for the Trail which I succeeded in finding late in the afternoon

[Most of this page blank]

27 Left our camp near the top of the mountain an took a N. E. cours to a high rugged looking bute [Pilot Peak] standing prominent and alone with the tops whitned in snow [Went] along the East side of this bute which stands in the salt plains to near the Eastern point 22 miles and encamped on a fine spring Brook [Pilot Peak Creek] that comes tumbling from the mountain in all its purity This bute affrd's numerous springs and brooks that loose themselves immediately in the salt plain below but the grass is plenty generally and the main bulk of the county produces nothing but a small curly thorn bush winding on the earth To the S. s. E. and East you have a boundless salt plain without vegetation except here and there a cliff of bare rocks standing like monumental pillars to commemorate the distinction of this portion of the Earth

28 Left our camp at the Snowy or more properly the spring Bute for this Bute affords several fine Brooks and took the Trail East and soon entered on the greate salt plain the first plain is 6 or 7 miles wide and covered in many places three inchs deep in pure white salt passed an Island of rocks in this great plain and entered the greate plain over which we went in a bold trot untill dusk when we Bowoiked [bivouacked] for the night without grass or water and not much was said in fact all felt incouraged as we had been enformed that if we could follow Mr Fremonts trail we would not have more than 20 miles without fresh water In fact this is the [most] desolate country perhaps on the whole globe there not being one spear of vegetation and of course no kind of animal can subsist and it is not yet assertained to what extent this immince salt and sand plain can be south of whare we [are now] our travel to day was 40 miles

29 As soon as light began to shew in the East we ware again under way crossed one more plain (to cross) and then assended a rough low mountain [Cedar Mountain] still no water and our hopes ware again disapointed Commenced our desent down a ravine made 14 miles and at length found a small spring of Brackish water [in Spring

Valley] which did not run more than four rods before it all disappeared in the thirsty earth but mean and poor as the water was we and our animals Quenched our burning thirst and unpacked for the day after our rapid travel of about 20 hours and 30 hours without water

30 At an Eearly hour we ware on our saddles and bore south 4 miles to another small spring of the same kind of water stoped and drank and continued changing our course to S E passed a small salt plain [Skull Valley] and several large salt springs changed again to E. or N. of E. a rugged mountain [Stansbury Range] to oure right and a salt marsh to our left this mountain is The highest we have seen in these plains allthough 20 peaks are visable at all tines to day 20 miles

M. 30 long before day was visibele a small Bird of the mocking bird kind was heard to cheer us with his many noted Song an this is the only singing Bird that I have heard for the last 10 days in fact this desolaton afords subsistance to nothing but Lizards, and scorpions which move like Lightning ove[r] the parched Earthe in all directions as we pass along the spring we camp at to night is large and deep sending off a volume of Brackish water to moisten the white parched earth nearly all the rocks seen for .7 days pas^d. is Black intersperced with white streaks or clouds and I Judge them to be a mixture of Black Bassalt and Quarts. our spring has greate Quantities of fish in it some of considerable size

31 N. E. along the mountains to the N. Point whare is an extensive spring of salt water after turning the point of the mountaim we changed again to the S. E. along between the mountain and the greate Salt Lake¹⁵⁸ Travel to day 20 miles and we passed some 15 or 20 large springs mostly warm and more or less salt some of them verry salt camped at some holes of fresh water [Tooele Valley] in sight are several snowy mountains in fact snow may be seen in all most all drections and two peaks one to the S. W. and the other to the S. E. seem to be highg enough to contain snow all the season. we have had two nights only since we left the Setteltments of California without frost and to day is cold enough to ride with a heavy coat on and not feel uncomfortabl

¹⁵⁸ Near Timpie, Utah, on the Western Pacific R. R.

[BOOK 9]

[Front Cover]

1846 . . .

James Clyman . . .

1846 June the 1st.

proceeded nearly east to the point of a high mountain [Oquirrh Mountains] that Bounds the Southern part of the greate salt lake I observed that this lake like all the rest of this wide spread Sterility has nearly wasted away one half of its surface since 1825 when I floated around it in my Bull Boate¹⁵⁹ and we crossed a large Bay of this Lake with our horses which is now dry and continue^d up the South side of the Lake to the vally [Salt Lake Valley] near the outlet of the Eutaw Lake and encamped at a fine large spring of Brackish water 20 miles (to) to day

after unpacking several Indians ware seen around us after considerable signing and exertion we got them to camp and they appeared to be friendly

In this vally contrary to any thing we had yet seen Lately the grass is full grown and some early Kinds are ripe (are ripe) and now full grown and still the mountains nearly all around are yet covered in

snow

These Ewtaws as well as we could understand informed us that the snakes and whites ware now at war and that the snakes had killed two white men this news was not the most pleasant as we have to pass through a portion of the snake country

2 acording to promis our Eutaw guide came this morning and conducted us to the ford on thee Eutaw river which we found Quite full and wetting several packs on our low mules but we all got safely over and out to the rising ground whare we found a fine spring brook and unpacked to dry our wet baggage

This stream [Jordan River] is about 40 yards wide running in a deep channel of clay banks and through a wide vally in some places well set in an excelent kind of grass But I should think that it would not be moist Enough for grain the mountains that surround this vally are pictureesque and many places beautifull being high and near the base smoothe and well set in a short nutericious grass Especially those to the West

Afternoon took our course E into the Eutaw [Wasatch] mountains

¹⁵⁹ See this *Quarterly*, Vol. IV, p. 140, for further notes on this first navigation of Great Salt Lake.

and near night we found we had mistaken the Trail and taken one that bore too much to the South camped in a cove of the mountain making 25 miles the ravines and some of the side hills have groves of oak and sugar maple on them all of a short shrubby discription and many of the hill sides are well clothed in a good bunch grass and would if not too cold bear some cultivation

3 N. E. up the Brook [Emigration Creek] into a high rugged mountain not verry rocky but awfull brushy with some difculty we reached the summit and commenced our dissent which was not so steep nor Quite so brushy the Brush on this ridge consists of aspen, oak cherry and white Firr the later of which is Quite like trees this ridge or mountain devides the waters of Eutaw from those [of] Weebers rivers and desended the South branch [Canyon Creek] of Weebers rivir untill it entered a rough Looking Kenyon when we bore away to the East up a small Brook and encamped at the head springs making to day about 18 miles on the top of the mountain we passed several snow drifts that had not yet thawed and the whole range to the S. W. and N. is more or less covered in snow and many peaks heavily clothed and the air cold and disagreeable some few light Showers of rain fell during the day and one shower of snow fell in the afternoon service berry in bloom as Likewis choke cherries no game seen through this region and it is difficult to determin what the few natives that inhabit this region subsist on

23 miles

4th North 4 miles down a ravin to Weabers River we struck this stream a short distance above the Junction of the N. and S. Branches and immedately above whare it enters the second Kenyon above its mouth¹⁶⁰ followed up the vally some 3 miles and crossed over found the stream about 50 yards wide muddy from the thawing of snow in the mountains south it has a rapid current over a hard gravelly bottom and it has a considerable Sized intervale through which it pases thickly covored in shrubby cotton wood and willows after crossing we took a deep cut ravin coming direct from the N. E. the Bluffs of this ravin are formed of red rock made of smoothe water washe^d pebbles and the North side in particular are verry high and perpendicular and in many places hanging over the narrow vally is completely Strewn over with the boulder which have fallen from time to time from the cliffs above passed to day several clumps of oak

¹⁶⁰ In following this track, which Hastings himself had taken by mistake, the Donner-Reed party met with their first serious delay. The Mormon pioneers also entered the Salt Lake Valley by this route.

and sugar maple the cliffs however have scattering clumps of cedar on them To day saw one Lonesome looking poor grisly Bear

This [Weber River] like the Eutaw river heads in the Eutaw mountains and running North some distance Turns to the West and breaks through two ranges of mountains falls into the salt Lake 30 or 40 miles south of the mouth of Bear rivir and has a shallow barr at its mouth stuck over in drift wood.

26 [miles].

5th N. E. Up the Brook on which we encamped in a few miles it parted into several smaller Brooks and we continued up the most central notwithstanding the frosty morning several summer songsters were warbling their loves or chirping amongst the small willows which skirted the little Brook as we passed along in a few hours ride we arived at the summit of the ridge that devides the waters of Weabers River from those of Bear River this ridge is high and several drifts of winters snow was still Lying a fiw miles to the souths of our rout notwithsanding this summit ridge is smoothe and handsomely clothed in young grass

Continued down the East side of the ridge and crossed over a small muddy stream running N. into Bear River struck Bear River a rapid stream 40 yards wide and running over a smoothe rocky Bed we found this stream fordabel and greate thickets of willows and catton wood growing in the bends Continued our course up a small Brook a few miles and camp^d. several times to day we had a sight of the Eutaw mountains completely covered in snow as the weather has been Quite to cool to have much effect upon the peaks of this rang of mountains

30 Miles

6 proceeded N. E. through a Barren range of wild sage hill and plains and deep wash^d. gutters with little alteration Except now and then a grove of shrubby cedars untill late in the afternoon when we struck the wagon trail leading from Bridgers Trading house to Bear River Turned on our course from N. E. to S. E. and took the road Toward Bridger near sun set we came to a small Stream of muddy water and Encamped

7 Packed up before sun rise and Took the road and at 10 A. M arived at the old deserted Trading house Judge of our chagrin and disapointment on finding this spot so long and so anxiously saught for standing solitary and alone without the appearance of a human being having visited it for at least a month and what the caus conjectur was rife but could [not] be certain except that Bridger and his whole company had taken the road N. W. Toward the Lower part of Bear

River havin had no grass whare we encamped last nig[ht] and finding plenty here about we unsaddled and concluded to remain here to day and consult what was next to be done

In our weak and deffenceless state it was not easy to fix on any safe plan of procedure some proposed to return to Bear River and risk the hostility of the snake Indians others proposed to take the trail Travel slowly and risk the Sioux^s. which ware supposed to be on our rout to Fort Larrimie so that the day was taken up in discusing what would be the most safe way of disposing ourselves a sufficiant time to await the company from oregon to the states which was generally supposed would be Quite large this season the day was warm and the creek rose rapidly from the thawing of the snow on the Eutaw mountains and this is the season of high water in this region nothing can be mor desolate and discouraging than a deserted fort whare you expect relief in a dangerous Indian country and every imaginary Idea was started as to what had been the caus of Bridgers leaving his establishment But nothing satisfactory could possibly be started and we ware still as far in the dark as ever

8 After greate deli[b]eration and all circunstances brought to bear on the subject it was agreed to part Mr Hastings his man and Indian servant wished to go some 50 or 60 miles N. stop and await the arival of the company from oregon 4 men of us one woman and one boy ware detirmined to go back to Bear River there being two trails from green river to bear rever it was uncertain which the oregon company might take if allready not passed so wa all started together once more and after comeing to the seperating place we all continued on for the day and encamped in a small vally whare we encamped in Aug^t 2 yare ago

and here it is remar'able that the small vally a few years since has been completely covered with Buffalo as their Bones which lay thickly strewed over the Earth plainly indicate and near the same time it has likewis been covered in natives as their camp fires show and for the last 2 years it has at times ben as completely covered with civilization

9 Again under way and we soon assended the ridge (for in this country it cannot be caled a mountain) and changed our course from W. to N and desended to the Bear river vally this is one of the upper vallies on this stream and is Quite Large being from 30 to 40 miles Long and 6 to 8 miles wide Bounded Both E. and W. by a range of Bald mountains shewing in a peculiar manner their volcanic oragin by their standing in the form of wavse of the ocean at a late hour we came to camp near the N or lower extremity of this vally

10 A shoshne Indian came to our camp this morning and informed us that no whites had yet arrived or passed from the west

But what was our disappointment on arriving on the Oregon trail to find that a large party of horses and mules had passed apparently some 5 or 10 days previous so our hopes were to all appearances blasted for this season 2d & 6 June

11 Packed up and concluded to move down Bear River to Bridgers camp and await a few days for more company after Traveling 4 or 5 miles down the wagon trail we met our old companions from California who had come by the way of Fort Hall and as we were informed that all the company from Oregon had probably passed we turned our course to the East again so accordingly we all joined once more and took the trail S. E. over high rolling mountains diversified with handsome groves of aspen Poplar and Fir of that kind called the white Balsam Fir we came to camp late at Hamms creek a beautiful clear running stream about 30 yards wide and running S. E. into Blacks Fork of the Seetskadee or green River

12 Took the Trail again over the same Kind of high rolling country and a number of snow drifts were seen lying along the hills mostly to our left and we passed as yesterday numerous groves of Aspen and saw a number of antelope coursing over the Hills several of which were killed and found to Eat well after living so long on dry provision

Nooned at a fine cool spring which breaks out in a grove of aspen [Traveled] Eastwardly along a very winding crooked trail and over some rough hilly or rather mountainous country numerous groves of Aspen Fir and willow came in sight of the green River valley and camp^d. at a small spring this is the third day that thunder showers passed in all directions around us but very little has fallen on us

13 East on the Trail But we soon passed our fine mountain district and descended into the valley of Le Bage^s. creek on this stream I met with or rather suffered a Defeat from a war party of Arapahoes in 1824 [1825]¹⁶¹ and the appearance of the stream brought back some serious reflections as we passed down its level valley crossed over the hills and soon came in sight of green River where we stopped and found the stream 80 or 100 yards wide rapid and quite too deep to ford The afternoon proved showery and we remained here with the unpleasant idea of having the River to raft if we can find a suitable place

14 Moved up the River a few miles and made preparations to

. ¹⁶¹ Cf. this *Quarterly*, Vol. IV, No. 2, pp. 139-40.

raft the river and after making the best sort of a craf we could possibly [build] out of such metireal as could be had which was miserably poor we made two attempts to cross over but failed bothe times

15 Commenced early and after greate labour oweing to the rapidity of the water we were carried down about a mile but finally succeeded in landing a small portion of our Baggage on the oposite shore and finding our raft two large we ware unable to take it back so we had to pack timber over a mile and make smaller rafts my mess haveing made a small one we commenced crossing and made land in about Half a mile and with grate exertion ware able to tow it up and recross and so we continued to do some 8 or 10 triips untill we all got safe over this cold rapid river of snow water and encamped on the oposite or East shore

16 Left the Seetskadee early and mad a push of 30 or 35 miles and Encamped on Big sandy this is a flat Runing stream over a sand bottom and we found it Bank full from the thawing of the snow on the wind river mountains in which it rises but apearantly it had fallen a little

These wind river mountains are nearly all covered yet in their white winters robes allthough the middle of June most of the snow however goes off by the middle of July

This is a good vally for grass but scarce of timber their [being] little but willows

17 Moved up Eastwardly toward the summit of the Rocky mountains the day was cool the country sage plain after crossing little sandy which is not more than 4 miles from our camp The mornings are cold and disagreeable so mouch so that I think we have not had more than 4 or 5 nights without frost since we left the greate plains of california and the grass in some places is short

campd on a marshy spring plenty of sage but no timber in any reasonable distance I noticed in this neighbourhood that there had been a tremendeous hail storm a few days since which in places had beat all the vegetation completely into the Earth

18 A beautifull clear morning and (and) several of our company commenced prophesying that we should se some persons to day but Quite uncertain wheter white or red in one hours ride we came to the summit of the main rocky mountains which is nearly a level plain with a slight inclination each way and we soon hailed the small river of sweet water and it gave Quite a cheering statisfactory Idea allthough at so greate a distance to think that I was once more on the waters of the Missisippi and its ripling waters sounded in Idea like sweet home

as we continued down the ridges on the N. side we came in sight of several male Buffaloe feeding on the young tender herbage and our camp at a small grove of Apin was well supplied in Buffaloe meat

19 The sun set unusually clear and Beautifull Last night behind the everlasting snow covered peaks of the wind River mountains and I had a fine view of this back bone of North America whose crags looked more like a ruined city than a mountain. While Far in the East some large herds of Buffalou ware grazing over their sage clad hills and several antelopes ware frisking and strangely gazing around our camp and animals The morning was cool but as soon as the sun arose it became warm and sultry

Continued down on the N side of sweet water river saw plenty of Buffaloe in the afternoon made a long days drive and encamped on the open Prarie a short time after dark our animals took a fright and nearly all those that ware tied Broke and away they went with much the same rapidity and nearly the same nois as a greate number of rocks would make rolling down a steep mountain you may Judge that some of us at least did not sleep sound under the supposition that a war party of Indians had run them away from us

20 Early all the environs of our camp was examined but [no] sign of Indians could be found a few of us mounted some of our remaining horses and followed the trail about three miles whare to our greate Joy we found all our animals feeding Quietly

saddled and continued East down the stream about noon some of the advance found a horse that [had] been left no doubt by some of the oregon [train] six or eight days ahead of us

saw a few Bufaloe on the hills some miles to the south the day was warm with a south wind

21 Down the stream and at about one oclock came to the independence rock here our party small as it was split and about half of us concluded to remain over night the others went ahead late in the afternoon we had another stampide last night but our animals did not go far and so soon war collected again

22 Made an Early start from this morning and here we leave sweet water and take across the hills in a few hours we came in sight of several herds of Buffalo which seemed to be travelling southward an indication observed by old mountaineers that their is some persons Red or White in the direction from which the buffalo come stop^d. at the willow spring for some of our party to come in with meat

23 Near sun set last night two French Trappers came to camp an informed us that the advance party of emigrants war over the

North Branch of the Platte Early on our saddles and in about 3 hours we met the advance company of oregon Emigration consisting of Eleven wagons nearly oposite the red Butes when we came in sight of N. Platte we had the Pleasant sight of Beholding the vally to a greate distance dotted with Peopl Horses cattle wagons and Tents their being 30 wagons all Buisily engaged in crossing the River which was found not to be fordable and with the poor material they had to make rafts of it took two trips to carry over one waggon with its lading

we however ware not long in crossing as we threw our baggage on the returning rafts and swam our animals over and encamped onc more in the Buisly humm of our own Language

24 Down the N. Platte and during the day we passed three small companies some for Oregon and some for californnia

It is remarkable how anxious thes people are to hear from the Pacific country and strange that so many of all kinds and classes of People should sell out comfortable homes in Missouri and Elsewhere pack up and start across such an emmence Barren waste to settle in some new Place of which they have at most so uncertain information but this is the character of my countrymen

25 Continued down the River a few miles and Turned south through the Hills on account of the Rocky Kenyons that bind the stream on its passage through the Black hills mountains

To day we met all most one continual stream of Emigrants wending their long and Tedious march to oregon & californnia and I found it allmost impossible to pass these honest looking open harted people without giving them some slight discription of what they might Expect in their newly adopted and anxious sought for new home but necessity only could compel us onward

at our usual hour of camping we came to a small Brook whare a company of them ware Just coming up to camp Likewise and they came to us with Pail fulls of good new milk which to us was a treat of greate rarity after so many long tiresome days travel

26 South across the hills and to day as yestarday we passed several small Brooks and met 117 teams in six different squads all bound for oregon and californnia in the evening we again had the pleasur of encamping with a company for californnia and they kept us in conversation untill near midnight

27 we met numerous squad of emigrants untill we reached fort Larrimie whare we met Ex governor [Lilburn W.] Boggs and party from Jackson county Mi[ss]ourie Bound for California and we camped

with them several of us continued the conversation untill a late hour.¹⁶²

And here I again obtained a cup of excellent coffee at Judge Morins camp the first I had tasted since in the early part of last winter and I fear that during our long conversation I changed the purposes of Governor and the Judge for next morning they both told me they inte[n]ded to go to Oregon.

28 Late in the morning we got on the road again and met another party of emigrants consisting of 24 Wagons and they told us that so far as they knew they were the last on the road about noon we passed Bissinett's Trading house and a few miles further on we met Bissinette¹⁶³ himself returning from Missouri with a small supply of goods for the trade and from him we were informed that there were 40 Teams yet on the road and that the Pawnees had killed one man We

¹⁶² Edwin Bryant in his journal, *What I saw in California*, 1848, p. 114, gives an account of meeting with Clyman's party at Fort Laramie on this date. He says that one of the men of that party spoke highly unfavorably of California.

J. Q. Thornton in his *Oregon and California*, Vol. 1, pp. 110-11, also speaks of Clyman's company, remarking upon their "woebegone appearance" and the "evil report" they brought:—

"The Californians affirmed that the country was wholly destitute of timber, and that wheat could not be raised in sufficient quantities for bread; that they had spent all their substance, and were now returning to commence the world anew.

"Among the Oregonians was a Mr McKissick, an old gentleman, suffering from blindness caused by the dust of the way, when he first emigrated into Oregon. He was now being taken back to the States, with the hope that something might be done to restore his sight."

The testimony of Bryant and Thornton, together with Clyman's own remarks, contradicts a statement, made by Zoeth Eldredge in his *History of California*, that Clyman influenced the Donner party unfavorably in their choice of a route.

James Clyman knew James Frazier Reed, one of the leaders of the Donner subdivision, having served with him in Jacob Early's company in the Black Hawk War. In Montgomery's "Biographical Sketch of Clyman," introductory to a transcript of Clyman's diaries in the Bancroft Library, Clyman is quoted as follows:

"We met Gov. Boggs and party at Fort Laramie. It included the Donner Party. We camped one night with them at Laramie. I knew Gov. Boggs, had got acquainted with him at St. Louis. Had known Mr Reed previously in the Sauk war. He was from Springfield Illinois. . . .

"Mr Reed, while we were encamped at Laramie was enquiring about the route. I told him to 'take the regular wagon track [by way of Fort Hall] and never leave it—it is barely possible to get through if you follow it—and it may be impossible if you don't.' Reed replied, 'There is a nigher route, and it is of no use to take so much of a roundabout course.' I admitted the fact, but told him about the great desert and the roughness of the Sierras, and that a straight route might turn out to be impracticable.

"The party when we separated took my trail by which I had come from California, south of Salt Lake, and struck the regular emigrant trail again on the Humboldt."

Owing to delays on this route the Donner party failed to get across the Sierra before the October snows blocked them.

¹⁶³ Cf. Parkman, *Oregon Trail*, 1892 ed., pp. 171, 311-12.

had previously heard that they had stolen a numbr of horses and one company had lost 120 head of cattle either Strayed or Stolen

29 Parted with some of my old acquaintances who ware on thier way (to) some for Oregon and some for california the Ex governor Boggs and Judge Morin changed their notion to go to Oregon in place of california Passed a small trading house on the River a few miles Below the old Larrimee establishment and one more company of emigrants most of the Emigrants we have met seemed to be in good health and fine spirits But some are much discouraged and a few have turned back about noon we passed the sumit of Scotts Bluffs and took a drink of good cool spring water in the evening we met a nother party of waggon and with a larger company at night which ware supposed to be the last we should meet on the way

These last companies have had greate difficulties in passing the Pawnee country and have lost a greate many cattle and some of their horses and one man was killed (was killed) in trying to recover their lost cattle so that we have no favourable reports of our prosspects ahead and it will require all our ingenuity and vigilence for sometime to come for us to travel in any kind of safety

30 Passed the chimney rock and at noon overtook a party of 12 or 15 men some from oregon and a few that had turned back to Missouri at Larimie in the evening we encamped on the River within about one mile of those a head of us

July the 1th 1846 A heavy dew last night and a clear cool morn- ing in the afternoon met Mr J. M. Wair [Weir] with a small party of six wagons Mr Wair risidid in Oregon some yares and had went to the states last summer and was now on his return to Oregon again

This evening shews fair for rain

2 Rapid Thunder & Lightning last night with a light shower of rain this morning is extremely warm we traveled S of East down the River untill about noon when we arived at the ash Hallow whare we found a company of Mormon Emigrants Encamped consisting of nineteen wagons¹⁶⁴ these people are on their way to Oregon and in-

¹⁶⁴ This appears to be the only record of Mormons so far west in 1846. There is no evidence that this party went on to Oregon. At this date the Mormon leaders had not decided whether to cross the plains that year or winter on the Missouri. The various companies were scattered, and one large train starting from Council Bluffs in the latter part of July, 1846, is said to have had written orders from Brigham Young to proceed to California. A few days later this party was instructed to go into winter quarters along the Platte and at Grand Island. They went on, however, to the Ponca village on Running-Water River (Wood River?). Their leader, George Miller, in his journal, complains of the delays due to the countermanding of orders and indicates his distrust of the self-appointed president at Council Bluffs. See, H. W. Mills, *De Tal Palo Tal Astilla*, in *Ann. Publ. Hist. Soc. Southern Calif.*, 1917, pp. 105-6.

formed us that the Pawnees had followed them and stole three horses last night They keeping a strick guard and the animals haveing been Tied to their wagons

This encampment has the advantage of plenty of fuell and clear spring water and most travelers stop here one day at least there being no timbber East nor West for some distance

3. South across the ridge deviding the N. and S Branches of the greate Platte River about 20 miles the day was verry warm and the road dusty you think we ware verry thirsty and so we ware But had to Quench our Burning [thirst] with warm water fully half mud for this is the character of all the Platte waters of any size half mud and sand running over a wide shallow bed exposed to the Burning rays of a verticle sun But this is the best that can be had in crossing over this south branch one man and one woman got plunged from their Horses and well drenched in the turbid stream

4 The sun arose in his usual majestic splendor no firing of canon was heard no flags waving to the early morning Breeze. Nothing no nothing heard but the occasional howl of the wolf or the hoarse croak of the raven nothing seen But the green wide spread Prarie and the shallow wide spread river roling its turbed muddy waters far to the East the only relief is the on rising ground occasionally doted with a few stragling male Buffaloe and one Lonely Junt of a cotton wood Tree some miles down the stream the only occupant of a small low Island (not much veriety) O my country and my Country men the rich smiling surface of on[e] and the gladsome Shouts of the other Here we are 8 men 2 women and one boy this day entering into an enimies country who if posible will Butcher every individual or at least strip us of every means of comfort or convenience and leave us to make our tiresome (som) way to relief and this immediatly on your frontier and under the eye of a strong Militay post The day proved verry still and warm and we overtook a small prarty of Emigrants that ware ahead consisting of seven men 2 young Ladies and one verry sick man some of thier company haveing left them an hour before our arival on account of their slow traveling The eight men that had parted from these in their defenceless state intended to make a rapid Push and travel day and night untill they passed the Pawnee Teritory

5 The morning verry warm with a dew like rain The sick man seems to grow worse and has a high fever saw greate herds of Buffalo on Both sides of the river We nearly reached the Forks of Platte and late in the evening we had a short rapid showers of rain and in the night our animals took a Fright at an old Buffaloe that approached

our camp and we had some difficulty in Keeping our Horses from breaking from the stake

6 Clear and verry warm Passed the Junction of the N & South Branches of the Platte and came to the Bluffs which are steep and rough with numerous small groves of rid cedar Nooned at ash run the first shade we have found for 10 or 12 days Continued down the River the hills and vallies on this stream are generally well covered in several kinds of grass and some portions of the vally would no doubt bear good grain of several kinds

7 This morning we had a remarkable heavy dew. the day was warm an Sultry and our animals sweated profusely as well as ourselves saw several Large Herds of Buffalo on the oposite side of the River Probaby the last that will be seen on our direction

8 A warm night and thee muskeetoos war troublesome all night this fore noon we passed Plumb Creek and nooned a short distance above the head of Grand Isleand we have had a beautifull road for some days being a livel dry Prarie Bottom from 2 to 4 miles wide the Islands and some of the main of the river is generally skirted with willow and small shrubby cottonwood

9 another warm night with a south wind we are now near the Pawne village and anxiety to pass without interruption at its highest pitch some light showers of rain fell during the day and several horses are failing and will soon have to be left

Left the Platte in the afternoon and crossed over the ridge and camp^d. on the waters of Kaw river

10 a cloudy night without rain a Mr M^cKizack was left Behind last night being himself nearly Blind and his horses verry poor his messmate Mr. Stump went back this morning to assist him to come up

saw a horse yestarday that had been shot lying by the way side

Mr stump returned about noon and could find nothing of Mr M^cKissick we moved on in the afternoon to the west fork of Blue river and encamped early for the purpose of making a more thorough search for the lost man But in a few minuits after stoping the old man hove in sight to the mutual satisfaction of all parties. several thunder showers passed around during the afternoon and a short rapid one but of short duration did not miss us about sun set The west Fork is small here but nearly clear and cool compared with the waters of the Platte the vallies are moderately large and the soil rich but no timber Except cottonwood and willow with here and there a chance Plumb bush now full of green fruit

11 Down the stream some ash and oak occurred this fore noon

with some Elm Likewise The day was cool and Pleasant and the vally fine and green the soil in many places rich

12 A Tremendious heavy dew fell last night and the day proved warm and Sultry heard several familiar noisis such as the whistleing of Quails and the croakings of the Bull frog those sounds are not heard in the far west in the afternoon we left the West Branch of Blue River and crossed the Prarie ridges to the N. E. and encamped on a broad sandy Brook now nearly dry

13 Continued across the ridges and nooned late at Fosale Brook which detained us 2 days in Passing out [in 1844] now nearly dry some Black walnut and Honey Locust occur here for the first seen S. E. over high rich roling Prarie but without much useful timber and poorly supplied with spring water

14 over the same kind of country as yestarday in the forenoon passed rock creek scarcely affording sufficient wate[r] to run from Pool to Pool a rapid shower of rain fell in evening

15 Continued in the afternoon we crossed greate Blue river and camp^d. on the East Bank

This stream affords some fine rich vallies of cultivateable land and the Bluffs are made of a fine lime rock with some good timber and numerous springs of clear cool water here I observed the grave of Mrs Sarak Keys agead 70 yares who had departed this life in may [29th] last¹⁶⁵ at her feet stands the stone that gives us this information This stone shews us that all ages and all sects are found to undertake this long tedious and even dangerous Journy for some unknown object never to be realized even by those the most fortunate and why because the human mind can never be satisfied never at rest allways on the strech for something new some strange novelty

on our Return from California a Mr [Caleb] Greenwood and his two sons¹⁶⁶ made a part of our company this man the Elder is now from his best recolection 80 years of age and has made the trip 4 times in 2 yares in part

16 Left Blue River and soon passed the Burr oak creek a narrow Rippling stream at this time with wide Extensive Bottoms which in times of greate freshets are completely overflown the land rich and surface roling sub strata white lime Stone of a fine shining appearance

17 East of South over a roling gravelly Prarie in many Places

¹⁶⁵ She was the mother of Mrs. James Frazier Reed of the Donner Party. The grave is near Manhattan, Kansas.

¹⁶⁶ Probably John and Sam; Britain was in California in 1846-47, and the other two boys, Governor Boggs and Davy Crockett, were quite young at this time.

uneven nooned at cannon Ball Creek which now has but little running water on the ripples

The afternoon passed over Beautifull rich Prarie but no valuable Timber

18 In the fore noon crossed the Black vermillion to day the Trail runs nearly East nooned at a small Brook which has a fine small vally of good Burr oak Timber and fine Prarie in the Neighbourhood the water Poor in the afternoon we passed over roling hilly Prarie Country

19 Started from the stake and came to Knife creek for Breakfast found the muketoes verry troublesome and a goodly number Horse flies met a small party of men going to Fort Larrimie who gave us a more full account of the stat of affairs Between the U. S. and Mexico and further told us that Two Thousand mounted Troops had lately left Misouri for St Afee and that one Thousand more [the Mormon Battalion] are now Leaveing Early in the afternoon arived at Kaw River and got our Baggage taken over in a canoe and Swam our animals across

20 Took the Trail down Kaw River passing immediately through a small settlement of Saukie Indians Their small farms had a Thrifty appearance and the corn and vegetables looked well and more like civilization than any thing I had seen lately The flies nearly Eat our horses up camp^d. on the Waukarusha

21 Early on our saddles with the intention to cheat the flies But they ware up and out as soon as us in about six miles however we came to a thick settlement of Shawnees and the flies which had anoyed us so much now became Quite Scarce and had it not been for the heat of the weather and the bad Quality of the water traveling would have been comfortable we encamped in the best cultivated part of the Shawnee country this tribe are far advanced in civilization and make thier intire subsistance by agraculture and some are begining to learn the more rougher kinds of Mechanism such as hewing of timber making of Shingles and building of common wooden houses Their farms are mostly on the Prarie lands and their crops of grain look tolerable well the corn in Particular

22 It Thundred and Lightned all night but did not rain in the forenoon we passed through west Porte a small ordinary village one half mile within the state of Missourie and some time before night reached Indipendence the Seat of Justice for Jackson county

23 It rained the most part of the night last night but the morning was fair and we found ourselves surrounded by civilization and had to answer numerous [questions] about the country we had visited and

many more consarning acquaintances that ware in Oregon and California disposed of my mules and mad my appearance at Mr Nolands Tavern and a Rough appearance it was But such things are not atall strange in Independance as it [is] the first place all the Parties r[e]ach from the Mountains from St A Fee California and Oregon

the [weather] was verry warm and suffocating and in this particular you find a greate difference in the heat of summer in California you find it cool and pleasant in the shade while here you find [it] hot and suffocating in [the] coolest place you can find

24 A Remarkable warm day But I must say I enjoyed the time well in reading the papers that came by last nights mail and in the varied conversation I had with several gentlemen during the day

[Three blank pages follow; then:]

On the first day of May we succeeded in crossing the main summit of the california mountains or the Siera Nevada the snow being from 3 to 8 feet deep on the western slope but on turning down the Eastern side it was perhaps from 8 to 20 or even 30 feet deep owing to the wind being allways from the South West when the snow is falling and carrying larg Quanti[t]ies from the western side which is deposited on the East side near the summit this mountain is generally thickly covered with a large groth of pine firr and other ever green Timber The rock near the summit is a light grey granite lying in large compact masses with a steep irregular rounded surface and none of the usual indications of recent Earth Quakes concrections or volcanic contortions But on desending some 16 or 18 miles thro a rough uneven vally you again arive at the Baysalt region and the stream has broke its way through several hunded feet in depth of Black frowning rock that one would think had onec ben liquidated by intense heat the large timber disappears and the hills are covered with Artimisia or as it is best known by the name of wild sage

[Last Page]

[Record of number of emigrant wagons met on the plains in 1846]

[June]	23	W	[wagons met]	11
	24	"		50
	25	"		66 = 17
	26	"		26 . 91
	27			104 . 24
	28			28 . 24
	29			15 one Party of Packers
	30			22
[July]	1		6	" " " Packers

This is the end of the diaries, written during journeys of over two years through the far West and often, as Clyman said, with the little notebook resting upon his knee beside the camp fire at night.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Early History of the Fraser River Mines, by Frederic W. Howay, Victoria, B. C., 1926, printed by the Government as Memoir No. VI of the Archives of British Columbia. pp. xvii, 126, illust. 8°.

"Off for Fraser River!" Times were bad in California, and the erstwhile "forty-niners" flocked to the much-heralded northern Eldorado! Ships were crowded; enthusiasm ran high, and though we now know that its riches were much over-advertized, and that the great majority of the Californians returned poorer than when they departed, nevertheless the tale of Fraser River and its short-lived boom forms an interesting chapter in the story of the peopling of Western America. Much has been written of this somewhat abortive rush for gold, but the original source material has until now been hidden in the archives of British Columbia.

The government of that dependency has, however, recently published the volume above-entitled, containing a carefully selected collection of original documents, official letters and the like, culled from the earliest files by Judge Frederic W. Howay of the County Court of New Westminster. Judge Howay is a leading authority on the early history of the Colony, and in this volume he has contributed a scholarly introduction giving the key to the documents which he has gathered together.

Among the subjects covered by this collection of source materials are the difficulties encountered by Richard Hicks, first Gold Commissioner, in trying to persuade Governor Douglas, that he was an honest man—in which endeavor he ignominiously failed; the jealousy between the rival Justices of the Peace at Fort Yale and Hill's Bar, which led to that comic opera military operation known to history as "Ned McGowan's War"; the work of Chief Justice Begbie in quelling this disturbance, and the labors of Chartres Brew, the second Gold Commissioner, during the winter of 1858-59.

One of the chief difficulties encountered by the authorities was the organization of orderly administration during the sudden influx that occurred in the summer of 1858. Into this hitherto unpopulated wilderness crowded nearly thirty thousand adventurers, most of whom were from California, and among whom were included such violently opposed parties as ex-Vigilantes and ex-"Law and Order" men. Naturally the old animosities flared anew, but, says Judge Howay, "the strong hand of Governor Douglas and the stern justice of Judge

Begbie soon made them realize that conduct which had been freely permitted in California would not be tolerated under the British flag." We must admit that the strong arm of British law has frequently displayed its peculiar power in such difficult situations, in a manner not precisely complimentary to ourselves — as witness the order which prevailed in the Canadian portion of the Yukon gold fields forty years after the miners had rushed to Fraser River.

Apart from Lieutenant Mayne's *Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island*, published in London in 1862, which was largely used (in fact, copied in part almost verbatim) by Bancroft in his work on British Columbia, there has been little published material of importance dealing with this interesting period. Judge Howay's volume sheds much new light on a chapter of mining history which has been obscure because so evanescent. It is a valuable contribution to western history.

CARL I. WHEAT.

A Handbook for Californians. A Key to Meaning and Pronunciation of Spanish and Indian Place Names. By Gertrude Mott (Mrs. Frank K. Mott) With Foreword by Herbert E. Bolton, Director of Bancroft Library, University of California. San Francisco: Harr Wagner Publ. Co., 1926. xxi+104 pp. 12°.

A neat little book, compiled to help preserve the correct pronunciation of Spanish and Indian place names. The arrangement is not alphabetical but is by counties, peaks, rivers, cities, lakes, islands, etc., and there is a sprinkling of some selected verse.

C. L. C.

The Life and Voyages of Wm. M. Phillipson, a personal record of adventures, written by Wm. M. Phillipson. Sonora, Calif.: published by the Author [Press of The Banner], 1924. 114 pp. 8°

The author explains himself in a letter:

"I am an old Sailor who Sailed the Seas over before the Advent of the Steam Ships and In telling my children and grandchildren of the times we used to have when I was In the dutch East India Co Trade and the thrilling time^s we had with the Pirates they and others would ask me to have the reminiscences Published. I was Eighty four years of Age the 14th day of last august [1924] and Cannot work no more So I wrote my Life and voyages So that I could leave to each one of my children and Grandchildren. . . . "

This is a recital of strange and stirring adventures on the seven

seas, and no words are wasted in the telling. Episode follows episode in bewildering succession as in a cinema from the days of the world-roving windjammers and their hardy crews.

The author landed in California the second time, in the sixties, and found his way to the mines in Tuolumne County. Here he introduces us to rough life in Jamestown and the rites of the "Ancient Order of Eclamus Vitus." From this he jumps to an adventure with wolves in Nevada and an Indian Dance in Ruby Valley, thence back to San Francisco in time for the earthquake of 1868. More scenes in the West and in Old Mexico bring the tales abruptly to a close.

Perhaps this curious collection of old sailor's yarns deserves to find its way to a few bookshelves to be treasured alongside other more pretentious stories of the sea, just as occasionally some old waif of a craft comes in to her last anchorage among the greater vessels that dot our harbors today.

C. L. C.

Way Sketches, Containing Incidents of Travel across the Plains from St. Joseph to California in 1850, with Letters describing life and conditions in the Gold Region. By Lorenzo Sawyer. Edited by Edward Eberstadt. New York: Edward Eberstadt, 1926. 125 pp. Portrait. 8°.

Sawyer's long-forgotten Journal now appears for the first time as a book. It made its bow in 1850-51, in an obscure Ohio newspaper, the *Family Visitor* of Cleveland, and possibly also in the *Ohio Statesman* of the same time. Detailing vividly the trials, tragedies, novelties and humorous incidents of the great immigration of 1850, this diary takes high place among the epic narratives of the "Covered Wagon" days.

While mainly a record of events, it requires but little reading between the lines to sense the great moving drama enacted upon the plains in this early period of the gold rush. One sees the tension at the start, the race for a leading place in the long procession of trains and the struggle for scanty forage grounds; the monotony of the journey relieved by an occasional spirited buffalo chase, or midnight stampede; the strange sensations aroused by unusual scenery — badlands, deserts and boundless plains; the heart-breaking toil of famished beasts and men through mire, sand, alkali-dust, swollen streams, and mountain defiles; the dropping by the wayside and the turning back of the timid, unfortunate and unfit; the fortitude of hardy spirits who push on afoot with shoulder packs or hand carts surmounting the Sierra and approaching at last the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow trail.

Sawyer, though, like many others, disappointed in his mining efforts, philosophically never regretted his journey to the new land and never relinquished his early intentions of remaining there. On occasion his thoughts take the turn expressed as follows in his letters from the mines:

I would advise no man to come here. The risk of failure, and to life and health far over-balance every prospect of success to those who come here with a view of returning. I cannot say, however, that I regret coming myself. Should I ever return, it will be a satisfaction to have been here and to have seen California in its present anomalous state. There is something so different from anything that has ever existed before, or that ever will exist again in the history of the world, that I should hardly have forgiven myself if I had not come and seen with my own eyes, and participated in person in the astonishing events that characterize this chapter in the history of the world. . . . The discovery of gold by the Americans in California seems almost certain to exercise in various forms a powerful influence over the destinies of the world. Among other important results, is it not probable that this event is destined to be an important agent in opening to the rest of the world, the vast and populous regions of Eastern Asia? If not I must confess, that I do not for one, read the signs of the times aright.

Lorenzo Sawyer, a young lawyer when he crossed the plains, became a well-known California jurist, able, fearless and respected by his contemporaries of the sixties, seventies and eighties. He is especially remembered for his stand against mob violence at the time of the anti-Chinese riots and for his protection of the legal rights of pioneer California corporations.

With a keen appreciation of dramatic incident, the editor has culled, from out-of-the-way sources, episodes and descriptions that throw into high relief the unusual scenes in the picture presented by the Journal itself.

Way Sketches comes as a welcome addition to the lore of the over-land trail.

C. L. C.

San Francisco Town Journal. 1847-1848. William A. Leidesdorff, treasurer, October 7, 1847, to May 2, 1848. From the collection of Albert Dressler of San Francisco. Printed by H. S. Crocker Co., Inc. San Francisco, Calif. [1926.] Title-page, 1 blank l., 6 l. in facs. Narrow folio.

This little document had long been in oblivion. It formed part of the estate of William A. Leidesdorff, and with the rest of his property passed into the ownership of Joseph Libby Folsom. After almost eighty years it has been brought to light by Mr. Dressler, who has realized its historical value and has had it reproduced in excellent facsimile. Of its kind it is the earliest document pertaining to the town council, of which Leidesdorff was the appointed treasurer. The town council is still with us, but its membership has been expanded

and since 1856 it has been known as the board of supervisors, as befits a metropolis of large affairs.

The town council of 1847 came into being by virtue of an order issued by military governor Mason. In August, 1847, the governor directed alcalde George Hyde to conduct an election on September 13. The individuals thus elected to public office were: Wm. Glover, W. D. M. Howard, W. A. Leidesdorff, E. P. Jones, Robt. A. Parker, and Wm. S. Clark. Wm. Pettet was made secretary. These were the constituents of the earliest official body of San Francisco under American domination. Like modern officers of the municipality they at once actively began their duties. Ordinances were drawn up; provisions were made for establishing a constabulary and similar organizations; acts were passed for the regulation of shipping and sailors; hotels, billiard rooms, bars and sundry business establishments were subjected to license and taxation; and the official sale was begun of water and beach lots.

Again not unlike boards of today, their zeal carried them beyond the limits of their duties and they criticized some official action of Governor Mason. The governor commented favorably upon their work, but somewhat tersely instructed them to define the limits of their powers, and to confine their activities strictly within the boundaries of San Francisco. This was in October, 1847. In the abstract it is a curious parallel that in October, 1926, the successors of that same town council went into similar record, although perhaps the displeasure of the chief magistrate of the State was not voiced publicly.

It was a day of small things and of primitive beginnings. From October 7, to December 5, 1847, treasurer Leidesdorff received \$4476.02, being as the first entry reads: "Amount of cash belonging to the Town." In January, 1848, \$50.00 was paid in by alcalde Hyde, and in February the public funds were further augmented by \$3627.54, which was paid in by R. A. Parker, being the first installment of incomes derived from the sale of water and beach lots. This brought the amount to \$8153.56, which was the largest sum in the custody of the treasurer during his term of office. From October 7, 1847, to April 8, 1848, there are but nineteen entries of cash received, and on that latter date there was in the treasury of the city of San Francisco, the magnificent sum of \$150.00.

The expenditures are naturally much more numerous and occupy four pages of the journal. They are carefully specific and are characterized by extreme modesty. For his services during one month, Mr. Pettet the secretary received \$50.00, and for extra services his remuneration was \$2.00 per night. The salary of alcalde Hyde was

\$50.00 each month. Jasper O'Farrell, in October, 1847, was paid \$300.00, being doubtless his fee whole or partial for the work of surveying and laying out the city. The city purchased lumber to the amount of \$1000.00 from Leidesdorff, and \$450.00 from Wm. Heath Davis, which was used for the construction of a wharf, and in the same month of November, 1847, the committee expended for the same purpose, \$550.00 more. Mr. Stark assumed contract to build the schoolhouse, and on November 9, he was paid \$300.00, which on November 26 was followed by a further payment of \$551.00.

In the light of subsequent history some of these entries are extremely curious and interesting. "1848 January, 31, paid H. F. Dalton labour on wharf, \$4.50," and again March 19, "To Henry Dalton (for hauling) \$47.50." There were probably two individuals of that name in California at that time, but the only one recorded was the owner of the famous Santa Anita ranch. "Feb. 3 — John Sullivan's bill for 9 days hauling \$90." John Sullivan appears to have been the only beneficiary who received real money in comparison with the others, and at the time of his death he was a capitalist on a large scale. Samuel Brannan and B. R. Buckelew were paid sundry amounts for printing. This was for advertising the ordinances in the "Californian," and for printing "Town Laws of San Francisco." The town hall, which was probably not palatial, was rented from Leidesdorff for \$30.00 per month. Race prejudices and trades-unionism have long been an outstanding complexity and source of vexation to modern boards of supervisors. That they did not enter into the schemes of that first town council, is attested by the simple entry: "Nov. 30 paid 3 canacas 5 days each @ \$1, \$15." The color of the Kanaka was not brought into the deliberations of the council, nor was his union card demanded.

In this simple journal of public receipts and expenditures there is sufficient material to form an extensive chapter involving highly interesting economic comparisons and contrasts with those of today. The primitive village of 1847; its population of 459 individuals; its gross income of \$8153.56; its modest expenditures of \$50.00 monthly for the salaries of its alcalde and clerk; the rental expense of \$30.00; the building of the first school at an outlay of about \$1000.00; the insignificant amount paid to the surveyor Jasper O'Farrell — all these and similar features would afford trenchant vigor to the writer who would survey the affairs and actions of San Francisco as they were in 1847, under the edifying light of what they are in that same city in 1926.

ROBERT ERNEST COWAN.

The Indians of Los Angeles County. By Hugo Reid. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1926. ii+70 pp. 8°.

Hugo Reid's account, though written seventy years ago, is still the best information available upon the Gabrieleño Indians. First printed in the form of letters to the *Los Angeles Star*, the work in its original form has become almost wholly unavailable. A reprint was published in the *California Farmer* in 1861 and another, much condensed, in the *Bulletin of the Essex Institute*. The first of these is almost as rare as the original, the other is incomplete, so the present careful printing is particularly appropriate.

Reid was an interesting character — a Scot who married one of the San Gabriel neophytes, Victoria. She was an excellent woman well remembered by those of her friends who are still living. Reid owned the famous Santa Anita ranch prior to its purchase by Henry Dalton and was a member of the first California Legislature. He was by profession an accountant and was an intelligent man able to make the most of his unusual opportunities to gather the history of the rapidly disappearing people of which he wrote.

He was able to furnish a list of the original villages with their native names, noting also the fact that the tribe as a whole had no name of their own and that as early as 1852 all of the original towns or lodges had been abandoned. He gives a summary of the language, government, religion, food and clothing, ceremonies, medicines and diseases, hunting customs, sports, commerce, traditions and mythology of the tribe. He concludes with a survey of the Spanish régime from the Indian standpoint.

Mr. Arthur M. Ellis, who has hand-set and printed this attractive book upon his own press, deserves our thanks. We hope he may take pleasure in continuing his useful work.

C. L. C.

Kit Carson's Own Story of His Life as dictated to Col. and Mrs. D. C. Peters about 1856-57, and never before published. Edited by Blanche C. Grant. Taos, New Mexico: privately published, 1926. 138 pp. 13 illust. 8°.

This is the fourth of a series of books by Miss Grant about the Taos country which was Kit Carson's home for over forty years. Here the present narrative was dictated and here after a lapse of years it finally appears in print. The parts of this story relating to California have been used in an article in the first volume of this *Quarterly* but these extracts were only a small part of the whole account.

Kit Carson himself speaks from these pages. There is directness and terseness in his remarks, brevity in his sentences and sincerity and open candor in his manner. Difficulties that surgeon Peters might have had in obtaining this dictation from the reluctantly modest frontiersman were overcome by the friendship that had grown up between the two in their days of service together in Colorado and New Mexico. Peters' book is an attempt to glorify his friend and Peters did not feel bound to follow the accuracy of the original narrative in all of its details, as a comparison of the two accounts readily shows. Despite this and owing to Carson's unwillingness to talk for print, Peters' has remained the only original account of Carson's life — Burdett's, Ellis' and Abbotts' biographies being for the most part a revamping of Peters' material with additional errors. Sabin's *Kit Carson Days* is a recent work with an appreciation of Peters' limitations and much additional material.

There can be no reason to doubt the authenticity of Carson's dictated narrative. The original MS passed down in the Peters family until twenty years ago when it was sold to the Newberry Library. Comparison of some of Mrs. Peters' letters with the MS shows that she took the dictation and Carson's signature is affixed at the end of the account.

When copies of the MS were taken previous to its sale a great number of emendations were made in the original — to correct the grammar and make the meaning clearer. These corrections, however, are easily distinguished by the difference in the ink and the original diction has been followed in the copy edited by Miss Grant.

CHARLES L. CAMP.

Sketches of the Sixties. By Bret Harte and Mark Twain. With Introduction and Bibliography by John Howell. Being forgotten material now collected for the first time from *The Californian*, 1864-67. San Francisco: John Howell, 1926. xvi+221 pp. Four illustrations. 8°.

Mr. Howell has done a fine piece of work in collecting and bringing together in suitable dress this almost forgotten work of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Most of it was buried in the rare and inaccessible files of *The Californian*, a literary weekly of San Francisco, published, and most of its short life edited, by Charles Henry Webb, known to readers by his pen name of John Paul. Contemporary eastern periodicals called it "The best literary paper ever known on the Pacific Coast" and "a good token of the literary taste of the land of gold." Webb, himself, said of it, "I was — and am — rather proud of that paper. — It

was called considerable of a paper to be published so far away from Boston. — It has sometimes occurred to me that possibly *The Californian* did something toward bringing out the latent genius of the Pacific Coast, a genius which has since blossomed to such an extraordinary degree that much has been transplanted to the nutritious soil of Plymouth Rock." The "blossoming" of this genius was in *The Overland Monthly*, which closely followed *The Californian* and to which the same writers contributed.

Before Mr. Webb established *The Californian* Bret Harte had been a compositor for *The Golden Era*, a weekly of the previous decade, occasionally slipping in an article of his own. *M'liss* and some of the *Condensed Novels* first appeared in the *Era*, but Harte had not received much recognition until invited by Webb to join the staff of the new weekly. Mark Twain had been an occasional contributor to the *Era*, and soon his extravagantly humorous articles began to appear in *The Californian*. Mr. Howell quotes in his interesting preface Bret Harte's story of his introduction to this picturesque figure. *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* was the outcome of their second interview. The version printed in this volume is the original one which Mark Twain claimed had been translated into French, and which he in turn translated literally back into English — next to his essay on *The Awful German Language*, one of the funniest feats of his versatile pen.

The Californian survived but a few months the withdrawal of Webb, Bret Harte and Mark Twain in 1867. Bret Harte had already served his apprenticeship as editor when the *Overland* came into being and found him ready and competent for that position on its staff. Mark Twain went east to join the voyagers of *The Quaker City* whose travels he immortalized in *Innocents Abroad*.

One might approach this volume with the feeling that the youthful sketches and essays of these two men, who later did such important work, could, without great loss, remain buried where their writers had been content to leave them; but, whether one opens first at the Mark Twain or the Bret Harte section, this feeling is dissipated at once. Mark Twain's musical and art criticisms are surpassed in delightful audacity only by himself in his correspondence with well-known prelates with a view to filling the then vacant pulpit of Grace Cathedral. Though acknowledging that he was not a member of the church, nor in communication with any of the vestry, he extended all manner of inducements to notable eastern clergymen, even offering to write their sermons as he averred he did "for the Reverend Dr. Wadsworth and the Reverend Mr. Stebbins," and other local pastors, "trimming them"

and "tinkering doctrinal points," to suit various denominational preferences. There is little of Mark Twain's more serious side to be found in these sketches. He had not then seen the beautiful miniature whose Gleam he followed until he had won the original for his wife. It was she who found the unplumbed depths of his nature. There was little subtlety in the humor of his writing for *The Californian*. He cut and hewed with a broad-axe, letting the chips fall where they would.

But Bret Harte even then carved with a fine tool. There were grace and delicacy and subtlety in his articles. No matter how amusing (if they were meant to be amusing) they were full of human sympathy. He regrets the decay of Professional Mendicancy, "Perhaps from a belief that there is something in the old-fashioned alms-giving and actual contact with misery that is wholesome for both donor and recipient, and that any system that interposes a third party between them is only putting on a thick glove, which, while it preserves us from contagion, absorbs and deadens the kindly pressure of the hand." In the present highly organized days of systematized and deputized charity, both donors and recipients have often felt that something important was lacking.

He was as acute in his observations as in his later years. Of rural California in the sixties he says: "She offers grandeur, sublimity, picturesqueness . . . but of the purely pastoral and bucolic she knows nothing. She offers you quantity instead of quality—opulence in place of refinement. . . . If she has to make a mountain, it is something stupendous; if a valley, it is a perpendicular chasm of several thousand feet; if she has even to cover a field with flowers it is done so extravagantly that the odorless blossoms seem to be furnished by contract. Her rains are deluges; her droughts are six months long."

A Blow on the Cliff is more than a photograph of the scene; it is a vivid experience for the reader, of a Sou'wester at the Cliff House. "Far as the eye could reach, or where the southerly trend of the beach mingled with the storm, and sky and shore line were blotted out by the driving sand, the whole vast expanse seemed to undulate with yawning caverns and toppling cliffs of water. Although the 'yeasty surges' swept far up the beach, there was but little foam to seaward; the level gale sheared their white plumes almost as quickly as they heaved into sight and drove them inward like the scattered down of some wild seabird."

The chapter *Notices and Reviews* is almost the most delightful in the book. It contains several reviews of *Outcroppings*, that small Anthology which included twenty Californian poets of the day, published by A. Roman and Company and compiled by Bret Harte, though

Mrs. Mary Tingley Lawrence also bore an important part in the selection. The neglected poets expressed their feelings, some very forcibly, until Mr. Webb said over his signature, "Inigo," that the population of California was divided into two classes, "those who contributed to *Outcroppings* and those who did not," and Bret Harte followed with a delicious long review of an imaginary work, "*Tailings*; being rejections of California verse, seventeen volumes, published simultaneously by the Gold Hill *Daily News*, the Whiskey Creek *Sentinel* and the Virginia City *Daily Enterprise*."

It would be pleasant to know who wrote the few unsigned reviews of other books by Bret Harte. One life-long characteristic of Harte is noted in the review of *The Lost Galleon*. "One of the author's most powerful literary instincts seems to be a horror of the exaggerated, the unreal, the false in sentiment and passion."

The format of the book is satisfying, wide margins and pleasing paper and type. There are four illustrations, *facsimile* reproductions, one of them a poem written by Bret Harte in a young lady's album. On the jacket is a hand-bill of Mark Twain's Farewell Lecture in San Francisco, advertised for July 2nd, 1868, with "the gorgeous display of fireworks postponed for two days"; and two cuts so interesting that one regrets that they are not a permanent part of this fascinating and valuable book.

HELEN THROOP PURDY.

Mr. Thomas C. Russell has announced his forthcoming book, *The Rezanov Voyage to Nueva California in 1806*. He has issued from his private press at 1734 Nineteenth Avenue, San Francisco, a beautiful booklet in a dress of buff and scarlet, containing Bret Harte's romantic poem, "Concepcion de Arguello," as well as specimen pages of the Rezanov book. Nothing could be more appropriate; for in California history and fiction these two names are as inextricably united as those of Abelard and Heloise, and Romeo and Juliet. The book is announced as Rezanov's report to the Russian Minister of Commerce, a complete record of events from his leaving until his return to Sitka, given in his own words with former omissions supplied and inaccuracies corrected. The edition is limited and will, no doubt, express the same punctilious care which Mr. Russell bestows upon all his books.

H. T. P.

Sir Francis Drake's Voyage around the World Its Aims and Achievements. By **Henry R. Wagner.** San Francisco: **John Howell,** 1926. xii+543 pp. 74 illust. and maps. Large 8° [also an extra-illustrated edition of 100 copies.]

The Harbor of St. Francis. By **J. W. Robertson.** San Francisco: printed for private distribution [Grabhorn Press], 1926. 120 pp. Maps and illust. [This is a chapter, treated as a monograph, of a work now in press entitled *Francis Drake and other Explorers along the Pacific Coast.* 300 pp. Maps and illust. Large 8°.]

It is expected that reviews of these two important books will be ready for the next issue of the *Quarterly*.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

Mrs. George J. Bucknall was to have spoken before a luncheon meeting of the Society on May 25, but owing to her illness the meeting was cancelled.

The June meeting of the Society was held Tuesday, the 29th, at the Clift Hotel. The speaker was Reverend Father Augustine, O. F. M., and his subject, "The Architecture of Santa Barbara Mission, The Original Buildings and Builders and the Restoration." In a necessarily brief review perhaps the best introduction is to quote a paragraph from Father Augustine's notes as the text for the discourse. He says:

The remnants of the old buildings built by the Padres and their Indians speak eloquently even in their falling and fallen state of the energy, enthusiasm, patience and extraordinary skill in those who reared them. The arch and tower, the tiled roof and moss-covered walls that remain to us from those first out-posts of our western civilization tell the romantic story of the past to more people than do the records of the pen; they say a great deal quickly and effectively.

After briefly outlining the difficulties and limitations that attended the building efforts of the Friars, he briefly sketched the history of the Santa Barbara Mission buildings from the first shelter of boughs set up on December 16, 1786, when Father Lasuen sang the first holy Mass, down through the various changes and additions until the building of the fourth church, so familiar to us all. This was begun in 1812 and finished before 1820, and the lights on its altar have never gone out. In the meantime, 252 separate adobe buildings had been built to house the Indian village and all of the many community utilities needed by such a settlement. There was thought of more than mere utility, as is evidenced by the fountain and the garden that have survived to our day.

Turning from the past, Father Augustine then outlined the steps that had already been taken to restore and preserve the Mission building. In the first place, an architectural commission had been selected. The members had made a very complete study of the building itself and its structural features as well as a survey of the damage it had sustained from the earthquake. The result was embodied in a set of drawings, more complete than had before existed, of the old structure. Embodied were the plans for the steel and concrete that is to tie the undamaged portion of the structure and the renewed portion into a whole that will be more resistant than the old building to earthquake stresses. The whole program is to be accomplished without altering any outline of the old church or exposing any of the new work.

California is to be congratulated that one of her most precious monuments is to be preserved under auspices so favorable and that it is in the hands of those who would not undertake the task until the preparatory work had been so carefully done.

The luncheon of the Society held August 31, 1926, at the Clift Hotel was addressed by Mr. J. B. Warner. His subject was "Early Day Shipping and San Francisco's Water Front." The period covered by the talk was that embraced by the speaker's personal recollections. His opening date was 1878 and his point of departure the old Ferry Building at the foot of Market Street, the first of the three that have stood there. He described the condition of the water front before the building of the sea wall, which was started at the north end about this time. The advent of the first propeller driven steamers of the Pacific Mail Company was touched on and some reminiscences were given of the fate of the old side-wheelers they replaced.

The coastwise fleet of the late seventies and eighties was passed in review. This naturally led to the series of disasters that thinned the ranks of these boats. The list is partial confirmation of the often expressed view of early navigators that the coast is a dangerous one.

Turning from the sea, the speaker gave an entertaining picture of San Francisco and its life as viewed by one going up town from the water front fifty years ago and added a number of amusing stories of the times.

The last of these, dealing with the Comstock days, led to an interesting account of the building of the great pumping engine for the Comstock Tunnel, one of the engineering achievements of the day. An interesting outline of the beginnings of the beet sugar industry followed. This latter part of the talk aroused the hope that the speaker might put in published form his recollections of the infancy of this and other industries. The industrial history of California has never been told, and those who saw any of its sporadic beginnings should record their observations for the benefit of future historians.

The Society held its October luncheon on Tuesday, October 20, at the Clift Hotel. The speaker was the Hon. Emmet Seawell of the Supreme Court, who chose as his topic, "General Vallejo, the Man of Vision." An eloquent tribute was paid to the character and achievements of General Vallejo. Beginning with a brief reference to his parentage and boyhood days, Judge Seawell chose to emphasize his selection to guard the frontier and deal with the intricate and hazardous problem of the Russian colony, as the event that gave him his oppor-

tunity to display his native ability and test his powers. Under the guidance of a firm, but courteous and considerate personality, the Russian situation was rendered less menacing until it finally vanished. Meantime, foreigners from another quarter came to offer a new problem for the frontier. Judge Seawell dwelt at length on the friendly relations of General Vallejo with the Americans, and his understanding of and sympathy with many of their racial characteristics. At a time when the attitude of those in authority was distinctly hostile, his influence and his hospitality were always at their command. Naturally under such conditions, when California became one of the United States of America, General Vallejo was promptly called upon by his new countrymen to serve in their legislative and deliberative councils. Again he showed his native force and the depth of his insight in the way he wove his thoughts and guidance into the fabric of the new commonwealth's first self-expression. Through a long life, the record both of personal contacts and documentary evidence leaves an unimpeached title to be called, "a man of vision."

After Judge Seawell closed, Judge H. C. Gesford of Napa was called on and added a tribute from himself as another who had known General Vallejo in his lifetime.

Mrs. Lulu Vallejo Emparan, the General's youngest daughter, and who lives in the old Vallejo homestead at Sonoma, spoke briefly, as did several of the next generation.

The meeting was closed with the singing of two songs written by Mrs. Charles D. McGettigan, a granddaughter of General Vallejo. They were entitled "La Reina" and "Lachryma Montis" and were sung very charmingly by Señora Maria Albedi, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. McGettigan.

On Tuesday, November 23, 1926, the Society held its monthly luncheon at the Clift Hotel. The meeting was addressed by the Reverend Andrew J. Hanson, President of the California Conference Historical Society, on the subject of "Early Days of Methodism in California." After a brief reference to his boyhood trips across the plains in 1861 and 1862 and his first impressions of California as he saw it in those days, the speaker reviewed the roll of the earliest immigrants who were active members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Beginning with Mr. A. A. Hecox, who reached Santa Clara in 1846, he named three and spoke of two others who as lay members had carried on religious work before the first ordained minister arrived in September, 1849, for permanent work.

After describing briefly an early visit of observation by two mem-

bers of the General Conference in 1846-47, the discourse dealt largely with the work of Bishop William Taylor and Isaac Owen. The figure of William Taylor in his militant single-handed appeal to the heedless and dissolute elements of society is perhaps as familiar to all students of San Francisco's early history as any. The speaker paid a well deserved tribute to this evangelistic pioneer in his description of him and his work.

Concerning Isaac Owen and his work in founding the College of the Pacific in 1851 and ordering and co-ordinating the efforts of the denomination, Doctor Hanson spoke feelingly. His talk then followed the history of the regular organization of the Conference, the establishment in 1851 of the *California Christian Advocate*, the creation of the Book Depository and kindred activities of the denomination, and closed with some of the statistics of their diamond jubilee.

ANSON S. BLAKE.

NEW MEMBERS

Bruck, Edwin L., M. D., San Francisco.

Ehrman, Sidney Hellman, San Francisco.

Hoover, Mrs. Theodore Jesse, Swanton, California.

Leonard, Alexander Thomas, Jr., M. D., San Francisco.

*Princeton University, Librarian of, Princeton, N. J.

Rhodes, Allin L., Los Angeles.

Roos, Mrs. Leon L., San Francisco.

Stanton, Herbert W., Los Angeles.

University of Pennsylvania, Library of, Philadelphia.

* Gift of E. Avery McCarthy, Los Angeles.

REPORT OF THE EXHIBIT COMMITTEE

San Francisco, November 25, 1926.

To the President

and Members of the Board of Directors
of the California Historical Society.

Deeming the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of San Francisco a fitting occasion, your committee, acting on the suggestion of Mr. D. Q. Troy, installed an exhibit in Larkin Hall at the Civic Auditorium, September 14th to 18th, inclusive.

There were 1308 items on display. All of this material pertained to San Francisco from the days of its foundation to the present. Alexander T. Leonard, Jr., M. D., exhibited the earliest dated document — a petition addressed to José Arguello, Comandante of the Royal Presidio of San Francisco, and dated Mission San José, July 6, 1799.

Many rare and interesting prints, maps, views, documents and relics were on view. Among the outstanding features were the old Vigilante(?) Bell, loaned by Mr. John S. Drum; the famed collection of early play bills of Mr. Frederic R. Sherman; the early mercantile papers of Mrs. George J. Bucknall; and Mr. Turrill's photographs and souvenirs of the old Fire Department.

The attendance was large and appreciative, many expressing a desire that such an exhibit might be made permanent. Over six hundred and fifty names were entered on the guest book, which does not indicate the total attendance.

Our expenses were less than \$400. The time in which to care for the handling and mailing of the preliminary circulars and invitations being short, outside help was called upon, the expense of which was generously met by Mr. Anson S. Blake.

Your chairman wishes here to thank the members of the Exhibit Committee for their cooperative spirit and help, and Miss Dorothy H. Huggins, our corresponding secretary, for her cheerful and untiring assistance.

Permission to use Larkin Hall was generously granted by his Honor Mayor James Rolph, Jr., and the Auditorium Committee.

FRED M. DEWITT,
Chairman Exhibit Committee.